

I feel I lost my route

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by [queendingdong](#)

Summary

After the events of Curse of the Black Pearl, completely empty of any British moral, James Norrington was dead-set on finding (and killing) the man that ruined his life.

Or is that really why he wants Captain Jack Sparrow?

Chapter 1

James Norrington has always been a prideful man, obviously. He's a commodore to the most powerful navy as far as the sea expands. He has an uncharming disgruntled face that somehow can make ladies swoon. (That is, the ladies without fathers.)

That is, clearly, the reason why Elizabeth Swann, the Miss Swann. Is not hopelessly in love with him. Governor Weatherby Swann is a decent father. Great? debatable. But that's besides the point.

Miss Swann being the only woman to give Commodore Norrington the light of day, he merely assumed they were to get married.

Oh, how was he mistaken.

She's in love with a blacksmith. Who, together, ran off with a bloody pirate.

Goddamn Jack Sparrow.

James' balls got bigger than his head and let Sparrow have a day to run. Before the Navy sets off in pursuit of him.

It's been seven years. Seven *goddamn* years of following every potential trail of that drunkard who has the balls to call himself a pirate. Because of him. James Norrington's title of Commodore was ripped from him.

That was two and a half years ago. Since then, the ex-commodore went off on his own. Set off to kill the man that took everything James knew.

Now, Norrington; a bloody pirate himself, roaming Tortuga, in rags, a gross wig, and drinking almost as heavily as Sparrow himself.

Searching for Sparrow and Gibbs in a bar on Tortuga

Captain Jack Sparrow loved very few things. Though his enemies like to think he loves one, himself. Which is partially right, of course, but the sea is his number one gal.

Then there's the chase. God, he loves the feeling of always being on the run. Always moving. Until the Commodore.

The Commodore giving him a day's head start was a huge mistake. Him and his fleet chased him for however many years. Jack lost count.

Their prim and proper fists were so close to grasping him. Then there was the hurricane in Tripoli, *The Black Pearl* was nimble enough to sneak through the storm, without much damage to its crew or ship. The *Dauntless*, on the other hand? Gone. After that, Jack never saw a single powered wig again.

That is until recruitment on Tortuga.

Recruitment for the Pearl was borderline fruitless. The fruit that did grow were scrawny and boys who's best use was scrubbing the pearl's deck.

So Jack and Gibbs resorted to going to a bar. A crowded one, it was; bustling with chatter. Jack was leaning back on a chair next to the wall. Gibbs was at the bar chatting it up with someone of unimportance.

Unimportant, that is, until Jack listened in when Gibbs said the words "And what's your story?"

"My story...it's exactly the same as your story. Just one chapter behind. I chased a man across the Seven Seas..."

Wait.

"The pursuit cost me my crew, my commission, and my life"

Ah, shit.

Gibbs let out an unbelieving breath he was holding. "...Commodore?"

"No, not anymore! Weren't you *listening*?" Norrington raspily snapped.

Jack had the merely coincidental urge of hiding behind the plant sitting next to him.

Norrington leaned down, his uneven breaths reaching Gibbs ears, "I nearly had you *all*, off Tripoli. I would have, if not for the hurricane."

"Lord. You didn't try to sail through it?" Gibbs was ignored.

"So do I make your crew," Norrington tilted his head in a borderline crazed expression, "or not?"

Jack looked through the leaves, damn it, it is the Commodore. A real raggy version of him, though. His powdered wig; identical to the coat of a ratty white cat that was never fed properly. You could even see the man's real hair, greasy hair, coming through, covering parts of his face and neck. His face was dirty, weeks of grim, though still strangely handsome. And his clothes looked like a poor boy's sad mimicry of a Navy man's suit.

"You haven't said where you're going." Gibbs opted not to respond to the Commodore. Which aggravated Norrington more.

"Somewhere *nice*." Norrington pushed over the bar Gibbs was sitting at, leading the older man to fall with it.

Jack, finally looked to the man's eyes, Norrington met his gaze, unadulterated hatred within them, unmistakably Commodore Norrington.

Jack attempted to slip away somewhat silently.

Norrington walked away from the destruction he caused, looking around to the separating crowd, arms out in a petty, mocking stance. "So am I *worthy* to serve under *Captain* Jack Sparrow?" The whole crowd of bar dwellers and drunkards looking on in both anticipation and fright. Norrington's eyes find Jack and his trusty plant. Swiftly pulling out his glock.

Jack stops in his tracks when he meets gaze with the barrel of a gun.

"Or should I just kill you now." The ex-Commodore questions, sounding more like a statement,

truly.

Jack peeks his head over the plant. Brown, almost black eyes meet green. Norrington staring so incredibly deeply and harshly into Jack's eyes. He grinds his jaw, as the barrel of his gun follows every single movement that Jack makes. Jack shouldn't be attracted to this.

"You're hired!" Jack plays off his unsettlement.

"Sorry," Norrington smirks, "old habits." Jack's eyes widen, yeah, he should have expected that. Just before Norrington shoots, Gibbs manages to sneak to him and push his arm up, forcing him to miss the shot.

As per usual, a bar fight ensues. Jack and Gibbs run off.

James doesn't remember anything after waking up in a mud puddle to the face of Elizabeth Swann. What has the world done to you, James Norrington?

Wait, no, he remembers. Gibbs, *Sparrow*.

Bloody Jack Sparrow. James' heart became hot with fury.

Elizabeth pulls James up. "C'mon, we've got to get ourselves a Captain."

Chapter 2

“Captain Sparrow!” A voice follows Jack as he walks the pier to The Black Pearl.

Both Jack and Gibbs turn their heads around to see a skinny boy, “Come to join me crew, lad, welcome aboard!” As they continue to walk.

“I’m here to find the man I love.” This stops Jack and Gibbs in their tracks. *Kids and their strange fantasies.*

“I’m deeply flattered, son, but my first and only love is the sea.” Jack plays off, not turning around.

Norrington throws up off the pier, the hot feeling of anger now replaced with the spikey, burning feeling of vomit.

“Meaning William Turner, Captain Sparrow.” The kid deadpans. Jack and Gibbs whip around, realizing this kid is actually Elizabeth Swann.

“Hide the rum,” Jack whispers comically yet urgently to Gibbs, who runs off. Jack goes off blabbering to Elizabeth of how the clothes she’s currently wearing aren’t flattering, etcetera, a demeaning comment, the usual.

“Jack.” Elizabeth cuts him off, exhausted, “I know Will came to find you, where is he?” She coaxed, almost desperately.

Jack pauses in thought, “Darling, I am truly unhappy to have to tell you this, but, through unfourate and entirely unforeseeable circumstances that have nothing whatsoever to do with me, poor Will has been press-ganged into Davy Jones’s crew.”

“*Davy Jones?*”

Norrington vomits again, wiping the liquid from his face, “Oh *please*,” He scorns through harsh breaths, “The captain of *The Flying Dutchman*?”

Jack looks over to Norrington, his ratty wig is finally ditched, showing off his real, brown, shoulder length hair. There’s still dirt and grim all over him, “Aw, you look bloody awful, what are you doing here?” Jack mocks.

Norrington picks himself up and leans off of a barrel, sort of sagging onto it as if he is a sack of potatoes, “You hired me.” He deadpans, “I can’t help it if your standards are lax.”

He’s kinda nice looking, with real hair, that is. “You smell funny!” Jack retorts.

“Jack!” Elizabeth snaps, fed up with the banter, “All I want is to find Will.”

Jack stops and thinks. “Are you certain?” An idea sparks. “Is that what you really want most?”

“Of course.”

Jack takes Elizabeth by the arm and they walk down the dock, “Because, I would think you’d want to find a way to *save* Will most.”

Elizabeth stops, and nods in anticipation, “And you’d have a way of doing that?”

Jack shrugs with his hands, “Well, there is a chest. A chest of unknown size and origin.”

“Oh *please*,” Norrington adds. He really needs to learn not to butt into others' private conversations.

One of Sparrow's pirates, walking by, chimes in, “What contains the still beating heart of Davy Jones!” The old man croaks. His pal adds in by mimicking a beating heart with his hand. Norrington couldn't believe this absolute child's tale.

“And whoever possesses that chest,” Jack continues, “possesses the leverage to command Jones to do whatever he or she won't.” He smirks, “Including saving brave William, from his grim fate.”

Norrington rolls his eyes, “You don't actually *believe* him, do you?”

Elizabeth halts, but ignores the snide comment, “How do we find it?”

Jack pulls a small box from his pocket, “With this,” He opens it, “my compass,” He snaps it shut, “is unique.”

“Unique, here, having the meaning of broken.” James retorts, he remembers using that compass, himself. It didn't even point north, but directly at Sparrow. Jack shrugs in a sort of agreement.

“This compass does not point north,” Jack pauses, “But to the thing you want most in this world.”

Elizabeth lets out her first breath of relief in a long time, “Are you telling the truth?”

“Every word, luv.”

Jack pushes the compass into the hands of Elizabeth, snaps it open and runs off a couple feet away. The compass eventually settles on a point, Jack calls out, “Mr. Gibbs! We have our heading.”

“Finally!”

After setting off en route, James Norrington truly started thinking about his situation at the moment. He was leaning over the edge of the ship, looking into the sealine, *God*, he hates water. The feeling of being soaked, the feeling of it consuming all of you, suffocating.

Now he was a member of the crew of Jack Sparrow, the legendary ship, The Black Pearl. If he wasn't a pirate before, he certainly was one now. That thought disgusted him. Why was he even here?

Interrupting his thoughts, Elizabeth leaned back onto the railing, compass in hand. “What got you here in life, James?” Course, it was a rhetorical question. Neither of them really knew.

“How's your new suitor, Elizabeth?” Norrington retorts.

“What do you *even* mean?”

James nodded to the compass, “Why don't you take a *looksie*,” the last word mocking Sparrow's accent.

The compass was not set on a specific path anymore, it wouldn't stop twirling. This shocked both Elizabeth and Norrington, who was not expecting that specifically. In an attempt to ignore the problem at hand, Elizabeth snaps it close and hands it to Norrington, "Why don't you take a little *looksie*," she rebuts, pushing the now open compass into his hands and running off.

James looks down, as the red point starts to settle and find its target, Norrington starts to get intrigued, what is it that he wants most? Intrigued, that is, until it settles on a point. He turns to follow its direction, it's aiming directly at Jack Sparrow.

Sparrow messes with his telescope, unaware of the man and his conflict with a compass.

A warmth of rage and denial flares in his chest. The stupid thing is still broken.

Truly, Elizabeth Swann had no idea *why* James Norrington was here. He has nothing to gain, (or really at this point to lose). He couldn't possibly be aiming to capture Sparrow, he was on his ship with his crew for god's sake, it's a death trap. Norrington might be dense, but he's not an idiot. Maybe some sort of internal redemption?

Yet, he was here, adding nothing to any conversation or the situation at hand.

James had no right to even *suggest* she was in kahoots with Jack Sparrow. Immoral. So, she pushed the compass into his hands, and stormed off, she didn't need to give the light of day to this pettiness.

Though, intrigued to see the reaction to what Norrington wants most in the world, she looks back at the man.

He stares into the compass glass, waiting for it to settle. He looks up, Elizabeth follows his gaze.

Jack Sparrow?

She sees James' face turn red with... embarrassment? Disgust? Whatever, the reason he's here had something to do with their eccentric captain.

Chapter 3

They managed to get to land. A small island. Dropping the anchor off the Pearl, to steady its place in the water. Sparrow, Miss Swann, and Norrington hopped onto a rowboat, to make the rest of the way to the island.

They followed the compass to a sandy spot near the shore. Elizabeth kept following the compass, but it would only take her around in circles throughout the sand.

“James is right, this *stupid* compass doesn’t work!” Elizabeth sat down in the sand with a huff, frustrated. Jack took a look at the compass, spinning wildly, realizing they were quite literally on top of the chest.

“Keep digging, Commodore!” Jack called, Norrington grumbled something under his breath.

After a long while of James digging, and Jack and Elizabeth laying in the sand, a loud thud was heard. Norrington’s shovel hit something hard. They found the chest.

They manage to lift out a large, sand covered chest. Pushing it open, it's filled with trinkets and parchment, and the chest. The chest was silver, with intrinsic carvings throughout.

The three of them leaned down to listen to the chest, for the heartbeat of Davy Jones.

Ba-dum. Ba-dum.

They all gasped. And Norrington smiled, a small, but genuine smile, “You actually *were* telling the truth.”

Jack looked at the man, despite all the grime coated on the man, (Jack had no right to talk) he was gorgeous, “I do that quite a lot, you people are always surprised.”

A new voice called from the seaside, “With good reason!”

“Will!” Elizabeth cried out, and ran to her love, “Thank god, you're here!”

Norrington and Sparrow stood there awkwardly while the two lovers were reunited. James, trying to look anywhere but the couple. Jack looked over to the awkward man, and cleared his voice.

“How’d ya get here?” Sparrow’s demeanor seemed to be more anxious than earlier.

Will and Elizabeth separate from each other, only a bit, still holding on to the other, “I have to owe you thanks, Jack,” Will stated plainly, though there was something in this voice.

“You do?” Jack questioned wearily.

Will continued, his anger coming visible, “After you *tricked* me onto that ship, to square your debt with Jones.”

Elizabeth gasped, “What?”

“I was reunited with my father.” Will finished.

“Oh, err, you're welcome then!”

Elizabeth cut Jack off, “Everything you said to me, every *word* was a lie?!”

“Pretty much,” Jack shrugged, “time of the tide, luv.”

Will unsheathes his knife, holding it at the chest, as he goes to open it with the key he managed to steal from Jones. Jack panics,” Oi, what're you doing?”

“I’m going to kill Jones.”

Jack unsheathes his sword, “I can't let you do that, Will. ‘Cause if Jones is dead, who'd there to call his lil beastie off the hunt, eyy?” Sparrow’s sword barely wavered as it aims at Will

Will let out a breath of disbelief. Hands up in surrender, slowly rising to his feet.

Then swiftly grabs Jack's second sword from his person, “I keep the promises I make Jack, I intend to free my father, I hope you're here to see it.”

Norrington now unsheathes his sword, pointing it at Will, “I can't let you do that either,” he smirks, “‘m so sorry,”

“I knew you'd warm up to me eventually,” Sparrow jokes, approaching Norrington, James aims his sword from Will to Jack.

“Lord Beckett desires the contents of that chest, I deliver it, I get my life back.” Norrington glared at Sparrow, just as he did back on Tortuga.

Ah, this is why he was on his crew all along. There was a certain feeling, a sort of pit, in his stomach, that he couldn't place, “Ah. The dark side of ambition.” Jack snides.

“Oh, I prefer to see it as the promise of redemption.” Norrington responds, smirking. That’s when he swings his blade at Will. And chaos ensues.

Elizabeth, being the most emotionally stable out of the four, does not participate in the tussle. But resorts to scolding the three men, yelling at them to stop, obviously not being heard.

It’s a pattern of *strike, duck, roll, kick, shove, strike* again, and so forth. Until Norrington manages to throw Will to the ground, and kicks sand in his face, “By your leave, Mister Turner.” He mockingly bows, and runs off chasing after Sparrow.

The two run deeper into the island, into an abandoned belltower. Continuing the *pattern, strike, duck, roll, kick, shove, strike*, up the stairs. Will quickly got to his feet to follow the two, now just behind them.

As Sparrow winds up to strike the ex-Navy man, Norrington grabs his wrists, pushing Jack into a wall. Again, as stated before, Jack shouldn’t be attracted to this. After a bit of tussling, Norrington manages to throw Sparrow off the staircase. Just in time, Jack is able to grab onto the rope holding up the bell, swinging and sounding it off. Will, in a moment of brilliance, grabs onto the other side of the bell-pulley system. Sending Will up to the top and Jack and the bell down, “At your leave, Mister Norrington.” Will mimics James’ previous statement.

Aggravated, Norrington chases Will up the stairs. Will runs outside at the top of the tower, but stumbles onto a narrow, long destroyed wall. Norrington and Will continue the pattern of *strike, duck, roll, kick, shove, strike* on this small area, not giving too much care to the danger if they’re to fall.

Jack, being just as much of an idiot as them, follows them onto the ledge. Managing to snatch the key to Davy Jones' chest off of Will's person, just before both Norrington and Will whip around, forcing Jack to lose his grip on his sword and it to fall to the ground below.

"Do excuse me while I kill the man who ruined my life." Norrington growls at Will.

Will nods, "Be my guest."

"Let's examine that claim for a moment, former Commodore, shall we?" Jack says, realizing the potential danger he is in.

Norrington stops for Jack to give his peace, "Who was it, that at the very moment you have a notorious pirate safely behind bars, saw fit to *free* said pirate."

James stares at the pirate, with a mixture of confusion and realization in his eyes, "And take your dearly beloved for himself." Clearly referring to Will.

"Or who took away your just as beloved title? Myself? Nah, you wanted my neck because the *brits* wanted m' neck." Norrington starts to waver, "So who's fault is it really?" Jack finishes.

Norrington thinks for a moment, his breath starting to increase in pace until he lunges his sword at Sparrow, with a gnarly yell of *Enough!!*

This causes Jack to jump down off of the ledge, and secure his landing (only a bit, his arse still hurts a lot) with a roll.

"Unfortunately, Mister Turner." The pain so incredibly visible upon his voice and body, "He's right." He, again, continues the pattern; *strike, duck, roll, kick, shove, stri*—Will manages to stab just under Norrington's right ribcage, he lets out an antagonizing yell, trying not to let himself fall right then and there, he brings himself down to his knees.

Jack gets up off of his arse, when he hears the yell. *Shit, we were actually gonna stab??* And speedily makes his way back up the tower. To see Turner with his sword covered in blood, wearing a shocked expression. And Norrington on his hand and knees, the other hand clutching a gushing wound on his side.

Elizabeth's voice rejoins, Everyone in relief that she has the chest back, until; "What in the *bloody* hell is wrong with you?" She cries, "Hurry, we have to go!!" Davy Jones' crew follows closely behind her.

"Jack, you get 'im." Will demands, jumping down, grabbing Jack's abandoned sword and tossing it at Elizabeth, the two running at the crew.

"Wah—" Jack retorts, just to be left behind. Looking down at the half-conscious man, feeling a swirl of emotions, most unidentified. He leans down to help the wounded man, "C'mon, luv." Leading an unintelligible grumble to escape from Norrington.

They manage to make it down the stairs as fast as they can (still pretty slow), Norrington leaning off of Jack. As seconds pass, James' entire right side progressively gets more and more numb, losing more and more blood. Despite this they (try to) run and evade Jones' crew with somewhat ease, with Elizabeth and Will distracting them.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After making it back to *The Black Pearl*, Sparrow immediately sent Norrington to a room to lie down, having his crew set up a cot for him. Despite Norrington's protest, both Elizabeth and Will sided with Jack, demanding he'd get treated.

"How ya' doing, Commodore?" Sparrow asked, entering the small quarters of the Pearl that the wounded James Norrington currently resided in. His arms, full of rum, a pitcher of water, and some cloth.

"Don't call me that. I am fine." James said, point-blank. He was sat up on a cot that the crew managed to put together for him, as a makeshift infirmary.

"Lemme see it."

"What?"

"The wound, it's gotta be infected, Imma help treat it." Sparrow states, as if it was obvious.

"I'm not letting your grubby hands get anywhere *close* to me!" Norrington lashes out, completely baffled as to why Sparrow would even offer to do that.

"M not gonna let one of me crewmates die on me due to one infected stab wound." James' cheeks were slightly puffed out in dumbfoundedness, Jack found it kinda cute, "Now, if ya please, lift up your shirt so I can take a look."

James complies with a grumble, pulling up his shirt just enough so Sparrow can look at the wound, "Lean back, this is gonna hurt, ya best talk about something while I treat it."

"There's nothing to talk about." James' brows knit together.

"Sure there is," Jack prepares the disinfectant by pouring rum into one of the clean cloths, "What made ya join the Navy?"

Letting out another grumble, "My father was an Admiral, as was his father, it was expected of me." James hissed as Jack patted at the wound with the rum-soaked cloth.

"Was that what you wanted?" Jack pressed James on.

"Yes," James hesitated a bit too long for that answer to be truly genuine. The dead air was topped with heavy, unpleasant, uncomfortable silence.

"Why do ya hate pirates so much?" Jack buried the dead air.

James considers how to respond to that cumbersome question. On any other regular, ordinary day in the Royal Navy he would've answered with a; "It's my God given purpose to prevent any sort of crime, including piracy." Or something along those lines. James might be numbskulled about his own feelings, but he knows that isn't true.

He does remember his first interaction with a pirate, Captain Teague. His father wanted him to catch the legendary pirate, he was only fourteen.

“My father, you see,” He attentively tried to piece the words together in his head, “He wanted me to capture this pirate. I didn’t, of course, I was young. And this pirate was incredibly capable of killing a child, or worse.”

Sparrow nodded, as for him to continue.

“He managed to get both him and his son captured on his ship, in the midst of a war.” Sparrow’s eyes widened in connection, unbeknownst to Norrington, “His ship was getting attacked, heavy blows. I managed to lose my balance in the midst of the chaos and water enveloped me. I almost drowned.”

“The pirate saved my life.”

Jack had stopped dabbing at the wound a long bit ago to hang onto every word. Staring into Norrington’s eyes, paying so much, too much attention. The intense eyes of the pirate unsettled him, even James had to admit, dark, soulful brown was beautiful.

“My father didn’t like that one bit, ‘told me I was incompetent, helpless enough to need the aid of a bastard pirate.” James spit out, as if he was reliving this as his father.

“‘He hit you?’ Sparrow added, more as a question than opposed to a statement.

James sniffed, “Yes, don’t all fathers do?”

This enraged Sparrow, “You were a child!” James flinched, unprepared for the outburst.

“I was fourteen.”

“A *child!*” Jack spat, “Your ‘father’ was coward enough to blaim a child for being saved from death, rather than drowning?”

“I was old enough to fend for myself.” James retorts, without much heat, just for a defense for his father.

“No child should have to fend for themselves.” Jack grumbled.

Sparrow continued to treat the rest of Norrington’s wounds through layers of words unsaid.

Sparrow was making his way towards the bow of his beloved ship, Gibbs following his trail with a query, “What happened to the Commodore?”

“Got on the wrong side of Will’s blade.” Jack said with little emotion in his voice.

Looking back at the wounded man, Gibbs whispers to himself, “My prayers be with him.” Shrugging it off in a quick moment, “On the brightside, you’re back! And made it off free and clear.”

As if on cue, a ship rose from the ocean, Jack’s stomach dropped, immediately knowing who it was. As the ship finally settled in its place next to *The Black Pearl*, it was made clear that it was, in fact, *The Flying Dutchman*.

Elizabeth gasped in fear as she grasped Will’s arm, who was staring blankly at the newly arrived

ship.

Jack is fed up with all these fish-people. *Lord Almighty*.

As those of *The Black Pearl* panicked, unknowing what to do, the crew of Davy Jones cry out and roar in anger at the Captain Jack Sparrow. Who pushed Gibbs aside, saying, "I'll handle this mate."

"Oi! Fish mates!" Sparrow held up his jar of dirt, having his crew look strangely upon their captain, "Need something, ay?"

Davy Jones stares at the peculiar captain, until Jack manages to have himself fall and roll down his ship, as his crew oooh's in pain, "Got it!" Jack 'smoothly' recovers.

"Look you slimy git! I've gotta jar of dirt! I've got a jar of dirt!" Jack sing-songs, as Elizabeth, Will, and Norrington stare, absolutely bewildered.

"And guess what's inside it??" Jack continues.

"Sparrow, what are you *doing*?" James whisper-shouts at the man standing behind him. Sparrow, in return, gives him a dumb-cheeky smile that shouldn't make Norrington's heart melt (only a little bit.)

If Davy Jones had a heart, it would've dropped, he whips around to his crew, "*Enough!*"

The canons of *The Flying Dutchman* opened, and Jack, who (somehow) did have a heart, dropped, and his smile fell from his face.

Elizabeth and Will shriek commands at the crew, and the Pearl starts to turn away as fast as it could possibly go. Norrington attempts to get to his feet, wanting to help, but is only able to stand with the railing as his support. He looks to see *The Flying Dutchman* coming their way, "We might want to hurry!" He calls in a panicked voice.

The Dutchman starts firing cannonballs at the Pearl, punching holes into the ship, aiming to send it to the depths. First Jack's quarters are destroyed, then the crew's nest. It sends a few men overboard.

Sparrow goes to take control of the Pearl, pushing Gibbs aside. The Black Pearl manages to gain speed on the Dutchman, making it out of range. The crew cheer, believing that Davy Jones surrendered and is turning around.

Until a mighty jolt stops the Pearl, "We've hit a reef!" Someone calls.

Will's eyes widened, "It's the Kraken! Get away from the sides!" He yells, pulling Elizabeth away. James, too frightened (but not that much) to question the legitimacy of Will's claim, backed away.

Will shouts out commands, pushing the crew to ready the cannonballs, and fire on his call, as the enormous tentacles rose from the waters surrounding the ship. Norrington, realizing this is truly real, yells, "Sparrow, what in bloody hell is going on?!" Sparrow doesn't respond.

"Hold, men!" Will yells down to the crew reading the cannon balls, as the tentacles grew and grew, Elizabeth screams, "*Will!!*"

They grew and grew, until Will eventually roared, "*Fire!!*"

Cannonballs shoot out directly into the Kraken's tentacles, causing them to go limp and fall back into the water. Cheers erupt once again, Will, being unsurtant, for good reason, turns to Elizabeth, "It'll be back, we have to go."

"There's no boats," Elizabeth's voice drops, empty of hope, staring at the destroyed rowboats.

Will bellows more orders, as James looks around for a now absent Sparrow. He looks off into the sea. Through the midst of the chaos, Jack escaped, and stole a rowboat, "You *coward*." James whispers to himself, anger hot on his tongue, his voice failing him on the latter word.

The Kraken returns, stronger. Its arms shove threw, angrily, where the canons once were, searching and grabbing crewmen. Destroying everything in its path.

Jack stops rowing, watching the destruction of his beloved ship. He looks back to what was going to be his destination, and grumbles to himself.

He pulls out his compass, for the first time, it shows exactly what he truly wants. Pointing straight at *The Black Pearl*.

The Black Pearl is a hot-spot of chaos, this was a known fact. The crunching of destroyed wood and metal, the screams of men being pulled down to the depths. The shooting of guns, and the slashing of swords.

Will yells from his spot, climbing up the posts and rope of the ship, "Elizabeth! *Shoot!*"

Elizabeth pointed her rifle at the flying barrels of gunpowder and rum. She aims, unusually calm. *Shoot!* She does. It hits a barrel, sparking a chain reaction of exploding barrels of rum and gunpowder, therefore setting fire and exploding the tentacles of the Kraken.

James finally knows why Elizabeth was his only option for marriage, now.

"Nice shot." Another voice was joined in.

"*Sparrow!*" James shouted, a mix of emotions (mostly anger) in his voice, "You left!"

"*What?!*" Elizabeth shrieks.

Ignoring the anger, focused on the more serious problem at hand, Jack orders, "Ev'ryone, abandon ship, into the long boat."

"What? What of the Pearl?" Gibbs calls.

Jack pauses, "She's only a ship, mate." He said straightforwardly, though the sadness in his voice was apparent.

Elizabeth side-eyes the pirate, a mix of anger, sadness, and pride, "He's right. We have to head for

land.”

The last remaining crew starts packing the boat with what little was left. Will aids in this. James waits on the ship, feeling that if he was going to leave with them, he should be last to get on. He didn't feel that he was a true member of the crew.

Elizabeth approaches Jack, “I'm proud of you Jack, you came back.”

Jack doesn't look at her nor responds.

“You're a good man.” Elizabeth kisses him. And James stares, surely the jealousy in his stomach is for Elizabeth? Elizabeth kisses him and kisses him until James can't take it anymore and looks away.

Until he hears the sound of handcuffs locking.

Elizabeth's hatred is now apparent in her eyes, “It's after you. Not the ship.”

“What's going on?” James calls to the two, just to get ignored.

“It's not after us. This is the only way, right? I'm not sorry.” The hatred is still there, but it's bleeding sadness.

“*What is going on?*” James demands again, frightened by the context that he is hearing.

Elizabeth runs away from the pirate and starts to climb down to the longboat. “The Kraken. It's after Jack, not us.” She tries to keep any emotions down, “If you wanna go down with him, go for it. I don't see why, though.”

James pauses, many emotions storming in his head and heart that he cannot place, “Is this true?” He turns to Jack, “After all that has happened, I don't know whether to believe *any* of you.” His voice starts to falter slightly.

Jack merely nods.

“C'mon Commodore!” Gibbs calls from the boat.

“I'll die either way. I'm not getting my life back, and I have an infected, barely treated wound. A giant sea monster is after Sparrow.” The situation truly dawns on him now, the overwhelmingness of it all causes a tear to fall, “Just go.”

“Comm-”

“Go.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm borderline failing a class for this.

Chapter 5

“Set me free, Commodore.” Jack almost pleaded, pulling at the chains.

“Don’t *call* me that.” Norrington snapped, “If you weren’t such a horrible pirate, we wouldn’t be in this situation!”

The now familiar sight of tentacles rising around the ship returned.

“You didn’t *have* to stay! Now remove my chains, or we’re both goners!” Sparrow retorts, more panicked than Norrington has ever seen him.

Seeing the pirate so dead serious, so often recently, has been unsettling for the ex-Commodore, yet a strange comfort came from it.

The Kraken finally shows its face, or mouth? Neither Jack nor Norrington were sure. In a moment of realizing he was doomed, James rushes to remove the chains from Jack. Just as he’s free, the Kraken deafeningly hisses, showing off its rows upon rows of teeth. Threw the hiss, nasty spit flies out from the beast, covering the two men. Along with slime, comes out Jack’s hat, which he picks up and places on his head.

Wiping some of the muck off, Sparrow pulled out his compass, tossing it to Norrington, who stumbled to catch it in his hands, “Ya a good man, I trust you to keep it safe.” Jack smirked, yet his tone sounded sad, melancholy.

James moves closer to Sparrow. Completely defenseless, for one; not having any sort of weapon on his person, and two; being wounded. *Oh my lord, oh my lord, I’m going to die, God bless the Royal Navy, I’ll see you in hell.*

Despite the deadly situation the two were in, Sparrow smirks. *Completely in character*, James’ thoughts dead panned. That is when Sparrow murmured, “‘Ello beastie.” And unsheathed his sword.

“*What are you doing?!*” James shrieked, curling in on himself, clutching his wound. Sparrow readied his chance, aiming for the middle of the beast’s mouth. It enveloped Jack, as it took the Pearl down with him.

Gibbs, Elizabeth, Will, and the last standing members of Jack Sparrow’s crew looked onto the destruction of *The Black Pearl*. And along with it, Jack Sparrow himself, and James Norrington.

They felt only sadness. Jack was the worst pirate they’ve ever seen, and Norrington the worst Navy-man. No matter what either of them thought, they were decent men.

Davy Jones looked at the destruction of both his enemy, and his ship, “The captain goes down with

the ship.” He states grimly as *The Black Pearl* sinks into the depths.

“Turns out, even Jack Sparrow can’t best the devil.” One of his crew-members adds.

Jones looks out for a moment's pause, until he whips around, “Open the chest.”

Nobody acts.

“Open the chest, I need to *see it!*” He orders.

He unlocks the many-times stolen chest, and looks into it.

Completely, utterly, empty.

James Norrington was adrift at sea. A piece of *The Black Pearl* was keeping him up. He’s been floating for hours. A lot, too much, time to think about recent happenings.

Why did I stay?

He gripped onto the wood chunk for dear life. Afraid of what lurks in the endless depths underneath him.

Why the hell did I stay?! With that thought, James let out a dry wail. Along in the middle of the caribbean, unknowing what to do with the many emotions bubbling up inside.

Sparrow cannot be dead, Jack doesn’t die.

Jack.

James can't even bring himself to look down into the murky sea water.

But he didn’t need to worry about the consuming ocean anymore. Because a British Royal Navy ship was sailing his way.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

For context, this entire capture is a flashback to CotBP

Jack Sparrow remembers when he first met the man known as *Commodore James Norrington*.

Port Royal; A prim and proper lady fell from a cliff into the sea below. Sparrow was on the docks right by the incident. And Jack, being Jack, dove right in to save her.

That lady is now known to Jack as pirate; Miss Elizabeth Swann. One of the bravest people he's ever met.

And when he pulled her from the waters, he was to be jailed by the Governor, Elizabeth's father, Weatherby Swann himself. James Norrington, along with other persons of supposed, were there along with him.

Elizabeth demanded that Jack be at least thanked for saving her life. And Norrington put his hand out for Sparrow to shake it, "I believe 'thanks' are in order." He dead-pans.

Jack was hesitant to shake his hand, yet it did it anyway, knowing he had little to no choice. James pulled up Jack's sleeve to see the branded 'P' on Sparrow's forearm, and further up, a beautiful tattoo of a sparrow, "Hmm. Jack Sparrow isn't it?" He shoved Jack's arm away.

"*Captain* Jack Sparrow, actually."

"Well I don't see your ship."

"In the market for one." Jack retorted with a smirk.

One of the other men picked up a pile of random trinkets, "These are his, sir!"

The Commodore picked through his items. "A gun, with no additional shots nor gunpowder. A compass." He snaps it open, peering down to it, "That doesn't point north." *It pointed directly at Jack*. He snaps it shut, with a smirk.

Man, James Norrington sure did know how to make eye contact.

Finally, Norrington slid out Sparrow's sword from its sheath, "I was half expecting it to be made out of wood."

"You are, without doubt, the *worst* pirate I've ever heard of."

"But you *have* heard of me." Jack smirked, it sounded like he was winking with his voice.

James frowned with anger, grabbing Sparrow by the arm roughly, and dragging him along, Elizabeth called at the man, "Commodore!" She stopped Norrington in his tracks, "Pirate or not, this man saved my life."

"Miss Swann, one good deed isn't enough to redeem a man of a lifetime of wickedness."

“But it seems enough to condemn it.” Jack retorted.

“Indeed.” Norrington stood his ground, despite the comment provoking some thoughts in his head. Thoughts that questioned the legitimacy of what James has been raised to believe about pirates and those like them.

In a flash, Jack wrapped his chains around Elizabeth’s throat, not tight enough to choke, but enough to warn. Which rattled all the Governors men, weary to act, in case Jack was to do something to the lady, “Hand me stuff over, Commodore.”

James just stared, a barren yet bewildered expression on his face.

“Commodore!”

Sparrow’s stuff was returned. He had Elizabeth begrudgingly put Sparrow’s hat back on his head, and unlocked his chains. After he was freed, he started to back away, “Gentlemen!” He shoved Elizabeth into the arms of Commodore Norrington. “You will always remember this as the day you almost caught Captain Jack Sparrow!”

Jack doesn’t know if James remembers that day (he sure seems to), but Jack will always remember that day as the day he met Commodore James Norrington.

James Norrington remembers the day he let Sparrow go.

Jack Sparrow was to be hanged to death. James was standing beside Miss Elizabeth Swann, and her father, as well as many of the Governor’s soldiers. They all watched in anticipation for the decrowning of *Captain* Jack Sparrow.

But William Turner emerged from the crowd of men, and just as the platform under Sparrow’s feet dropped, he threw his sword. It solidified its place under Sparrow, leaving a place for Jack to stand, rather than lose his neck.

As a distraction from any of the men from stopping Mr. Turner, Elizabeth simulated a faint, just as she did when she first met Jack Sparrow, “I can’t breathe.” She gasped, and fell to the floor.

Jack Sparrow managed to go free, protected by both Will and Elizabeth. Which both hurt and confused James, but not as much as it should have, if he was supposedly in love with her.

Sparrow, being Sparrow, repeated his famous comment of; “You will always remember this as the day you almost caught Capt—” But he was cut off, and fell into the water below, escaping to *The Black Pearl* coming his way.

James did not *want* to chase Sparrow, he didn’t know why. He approached Will and Elizabeth, “This is a beautiful sword,” Referring to James’ own sword, that which Will created, “I would expect the man who made it, show the same care and devotion in every aspect of his life.” James would go on to wish the couple good luck.

He decided to postpone the pursuit of Sparrow for at least a day, and he left. He doesn’t know why he did it, maybe a change of heart of the pirate? No, that didn’t last long. James knew that he would forever remember that day, as the day he let Jack Sparrow slip away from his grasp.

Chapter 7

Jack Sparrow doesn't remember coming to consciousness, but he was here now, on the deck of *The Black Pearl*. With a lot, *too many* other Jacks.

"Where to, capt'n?" Asked Jack, currently at the wheel of the ship.

"Wherever the sea leads us, savvy?" Responded Jack— *wait*.

Another Jack sniffed at a peanut. Jack opted to shoot him, blowing at the post-shot smoke coming from the pistol. He stepped over the dead body of himself, "Me' peanut." And ate it.

What the hell?

"Capt'n! What of the Commodore?" The steering wheel Jack called.

The Commodore?

Who?

"Ya should try giving him a second chance!"

"That's what got us into this mess?"

Where am I?

Another Jack materialized, "You have to be the *worst* pirate I ever heard of." This Jack had a British accent. (and it wasn't good)

The British Jack approached the real(?) Jack, "Bloody *pirates*." He spit into his face, pushing Jack back and backward until he was pushed over the side of the ship.

They weren't at sea.

The ocean was solid, sandy, white stone.

Alarmed and the unnaturalness of it all, Jack turned to look at the ship, where he once resided.

It's gone. He frowned.

Jack looked around the endless sea of white stone. Everything looks the same, causing him to lose his head.

Captain Jack Sparrow.

Jack started running, he ran, and ran, and didn't look back. He couldn't look back, because everywhere he looked, that was the way he ran. He could be running a straight line, or a full circle, he wouldn't know.

He tripped over a pebble, falling down onto the hot, hard stone. He looked at the culprit of his pain. It wasn't a pebble, rather the compass, *Jack's* compass.

He goes to pick it up and flip it open, hoping this *broken* compass can lead him to safety. He opened it; there was nothing.

And then everything was nothing.

“Lord Cutler Beckett, you have a *visitor* .”

The small framed-governor of the East India Trading company sat in the chair of his large desk, he did a hand motion, in reference to bring this *visitor* in.

A tired, dirty looking man, with shoulder length brown hair pulled into a messy pony-tail walks in. He would look like any other drunk, pirate *bastard* . But he was wearing the tarnished uniform of a British Navy officer, this caught Beckett’s attention, “Commodore Norrington.”

“Don’t call me that.”

Ignoring the retort, Beckett continued, “Why’d you come to see me? You ran off, chasing Jack Sparrow through the seven seas, everyone thought you were dead.”

“I didn’t have the *choice* , your men brought me here.” James snarled.

Beckett gestures to Norrington’s chains, “Those won’t be necessary.” The two guards, that brought Norrington into Beckett’s quarters in the first place, uncuffed the ex-Commodore.

“Where is Jack Sparrow?” James snapped, “You found me, adrift at sea, surely you must’ve found him, too?”

“We found nothing to even suggest the presence of *your* pirate.” Beckett deadpanned. James’ face flushed in response.

There’s a pregnant pause, until James repeated his question, “What am I here for?”

“Well you see,” Beckett folds his hands across his desk, “You are under arrest for advising in the escape of a renowned pirate.”

“*What.*”

“You, Elizabeth Swann, William Turner, and Jack Sparrow, himself.”

“What in *bloody* hell are you talking about?” James stalked closer to Beckett.

“You aided in Jack Sparrow’s escape, your appeasement for your crimes shall be hanged until death.”

James’ heart drops, along with his jaw, “You *goddamn*—” Norrington goes to lunge at Beckett, but before he was able to strangle his throat, the two guards pulled him back, trying to escort him away from the Lord.

“Take him away to a cell, I’ll discuss further with him later.” Beckett orders, waving off the guards.

James gets dragged and manhandled along with the guards. Who takes him down to the dungeons. *Where pirates are most commonly kept until hanged.*

The ex-Commodore is shoved and thrown into a cell, chains still on.

Truly, this is ironic. James thinks sadly, realizing the intense, but obvious karma.

James woke up, hoping it was all merely a dream. *Nope, still in the cell.* The dirt and stone of the confined space he was in made his body itch and ache from sitting too long. He looked outside to see the dim light of the moon, when is he to be put to death? Any day now, probably, unless they wanted to kill the whole set of pirates and outlaws. It would take a while to manage to find and capture both Elizabeth Swann and Will Turner, and Sparrow, if he's still alive. He twists his hands around, and pulls the compass out of his pocket.

This compass does not point north.

But to the thing you want most in this world.

In that case, when James held it, why did it point towards Sparrow?

Was he really that fixated with capturing him, even all that long ago?

Sparrow took away his life, Elizabeth, *James himself*. But was it really Sparrow to blame?

Elizabeth didn't love him, she loved Will. And, thinking back to it, that update didn't break James' heart, as it should. And Sparrow had nothing to do with who Elizabeth loved.

James did not like being in his thoughts, but he couldn't stop all of the many questions and ideas running through every corner of his head.

It wasn't Sparrow's fault that James chased him all those years. James *was* obsessive, excused by 'It's the right thing to do, to capture pirates.' Then why did he only chase Sparrow?

He was an imbaseal, he chased a pirate for *seven* goddamn years, based on a grudge that wasn't even rightly placed.

James put his hands to his face, rubbing at it. All these realizations crashing down on him was overwhelming. James didn't even deserve the title of Commodore. Or the title of husband to Elizabeth Swann. He was a fool, fixated over a pirate.

Karma is real, and it came, and will be coming for James Norrington, and he completely accepted that fact, though sad.

What has the world done to me?

Nothing I don't deserve.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Norrington was woken up aggressively about two days into being jailed by Beckett. Though he did not particularly want to have another talk with Beckett, he was glad to not be laying on the cold, hard, dirt floor of his jail cell.

James was gripped by the arms by two guards, led to the "Lord's" quarters.

He was thrown into said office, just as he was days ago, "Hand me the compass."

How does he know I have it? "I don't know what you are talking about." James attempted to mislead the man.

Beckett leaned on his elbows, placed on his desk, "I think you do." He intertwined his fingers, "And if you don't hand it over willingly, we will pry it from your cold, dead body." His voice evolved into an unsettling whisper.

James was a bit too quick to respond, "That's fine with me. Kill me." So blalant.

This uncaring behavior angered Beckett, his goal to put fear into the ex-Commodore, "You'll die merely a pirate drunkard, no one will know it's Commodore *James Norrington* who was just hanged. Everybody already believes you're dead, it is best for the people to continue on with that idea,..."

"...You'll die a nobody." He finished.

Die a nobody .

James contemplated this ending to his life. It would be so *easy* to end it all like this. He's so *tired* of running. There's no way out of this, is there? Beckett will get the compass either way, willingly or not.

The silence from Norrington made Beckett scoff, he gestured for the guards to take James away, back to the cell once more.

James was too gullible to hope that he would only be hanged when Beckett had him, Elizabeth Swann and William Turner. That next morning, he was scheduled for his hanging.

So in the musky, humid morning, James was snatched from his cell, along with several other criminals. Or prisoners, he honestly doesn't know who is in the right anymore. *Truly the world is not black and white, just a splatter of grey* . It didn't take him long to realize this was his time, and surprisingly, he accepted it.

He accepted the fact his life had been taken from him not once, but twice, and this time he won't be getting it back.

James Norrington isn't meant to live happily ever after.

Winds picked up as clouds blew through the gray sky, there was a storm brewing. James cannot even get pleasant weather on his last day of life.

His eyes watered, definitely from the wind.

Large double-doors swung open, aided by Navy-men, James being pulled along by his chains, in line with the other prisoners. Some wailed heavy tears, some were utterly silent. James looked across the yard, to the gallows, his body felt so heavy as the strong feeling of dread washed over him. There was a great deal of a faceless crowd, who were close mouthed as more and more people were hanged, *murdered*.

They always say that your life will flash like moving pictures just before you die.

But when you walk your way to your death, all your memories, thoughts weigh down your body. His thoughts felt foggy. James knew that now, walking to the rope was the most sluggish and stagnant thing he's ever experienced, he had more than enough time to relive every memory twice over.

Maybe his watery eyes aren't from the wind after all. A single tear fell down his cheek. *It's definitely raining, actually.*

And yet, it still felt as if this was the most ordinary occurrence of James' day.

He feels like he's drowning again.

He remembered the story his mother would sing to him to calm him down, when his sleep was interrupted by bad dreams. Her voice was beautiful. He missed her, despite barely knowing her.

She was daughter of 'chief

He was known as a thief

But they fell in love with each other

Secret tryst under cover of nights

They made vows to another

On one foggy day, he was taken away

To be killed among the prison walls

When she ran off with him they were snatched suddenly

And 'till morning they hung on the gallows

James refuses to believe that he might be a damsel in distress, but at this point, all he hoped for was a savior to swoop in.

He willed his tears to stay locked up in his eyes. God he was so pathetic, he needs it to be over, he's so *tired*. He couldn't stop the tears from falling.

The convicted ex-Commodore was shoved onto the steps up to the gallows. He felt his chained hands barely catching him. The corner of the wooden stairs jabbed at his hardly-healed wound, he

moaned a painful cry.

He didn't hear, nor process any of the commands officers snapped at him. James merely picked himself up, making his way down the platform, to the noose in the very middle.

He looked up at the balcony where he once stood, waiting for the hanging of Jack Sparrow.

Now it was just Lord Beckett. Who stared back at him, soulless, yet hatred in his eyes. James attempted to return the hostile stare, though James doubted it had the same effect.

James hoped for a savior, but there was none.

James hoped for a savior, but there was *one*. One he never expected.

The winds blew much harder as the rope was settled around his neck. The gusts were *unnaturally* hard, blowing James' hair out from where it was tied back. He had to shut his eyes, the immense wind was drying them out.

The crowd of onlookers to his demise progressively became more startled, to the point of hysteria as civilians were escorted to shelter.

The storm was so rapid, that it blew down one the posts of the gallows, encouraging James to run to cover. Utter chaos ensued, with officers trying to get a hold of escaped prisoners, yet also still trying to get to cover.

The destruction was just enough of a distraction to James to slip away.

James was completely astonished by his luck. It was improbable that the weather was just perfect enough to warrant his escape from death. It could only be something paranormal.

Maybe stormy weather was not so bad.

The clouds spiraled above him, James immediately took back his previous thought.

James ran and ran. This supernatural source wanted him to stay alive. So he will.

Sparrow.

He can't truly be dead, can he? James ponders, weaving through the bustling citizens.

He thinks back to the loss of *The Black Pearl*. Elizabeth kissing Sparrow, as a distraction, trapping him along with the Pearl. James staying with the pirate, *why the hell did I stay?*

He remembers Sparrow unsheathing his sword, James screaming at him to stop, *why did I care?* And the smile, Sparrow set his way to before disappearing into the mouth of the beast.

James' chest hurt, *burned*, like the blue flame of the fire, all throughout his heart. He wanted to claw his heart out, *why does it hurt so much?* He put his hand on his heart, and felt the bump of something in his coat pocket. *The compass.*

James managed to get back to the docks, actively searching for any unattended ships or boats., as well as avoiding any Navy officers.

His eyes rushed to a small ship, or a big boat? Not sure, not the point. It was unattended. *The Navy really should see where he's gone in life.*

James promptly unties the rope binding the ship to the docks. And as it starts to float on its way, hops on. Hoisting the colors, just as commotion from Navy officers picks up. *Oh, how the tables turned.* The ship starts to move more rapidly, as the wind picks it up and sends James Norrington off on his way. Towards the compass's point.

Jack was back on *The Black Pearl*. Up at the wheel, looking out to the horizon of white stone. Jack despises that color, too plain, bright, and looks just like the pompous wigs those Royal Navy gits display way too proudly.

“Ello Jack.” Another Jack, one with a thick, British accent, *not again* , appeared next to him. This not-Jack leaned into Jack’s face, his hands climbing up his chest, “You are about the *worst* pirate I’ve ever heard of.”

Real-Jack felt sick to his stomach, pushing this not-Jack away, another Jack materialized on his other side, “Oh, but you have *heard* of me.” The flirting tone oh-so apparent. *I might be a fine-looking man, but this is a bit much.*

A third Jack emerged, again, with a British accent, “I said *do not* call me Commodore.” *Commodore Norrington?* “Call me James.” The not-Jack teasingly smirked.

“James.” Real-Jack stutters out, as this third, not-Jack leaned in real close, too close to Jack. As he gets closer and closer, the not-Jack evolves into Norrington. It was incredibly unsettling, but Jack didn’t care. Norrington was *here* .

Wait, *where* is he?

Jack blinked, and there was nothing.

James glided across the sea, at aim from the compass. A storm was brewing across the horizon. The foreboding darkness, the warm air and calm water. This all should’ve itched at Norrington’s nerves, made him more wary.

But he hasn’t slept in days, his muscles ached for a soft Navy cot. Yet there was only moist wood and the oncoming disturbance of an angry storm.

So James could give less of a rat's ass when he fell asleep at the wheel of his boat.

A loud crack of lightning and the hard pellets of rain is what woke the ex-Commodore up from his uncomfortable slumber.

The storm was directly over his head, soaking both him and his boat. The endless thunder and lightning shocked his fight or flight instincts, which set him into immediate action, and sailed to the nearest island. Not looking at the compass if this is even the remote right direction.

Managing to wreck the boat into a mass of boulders, James was now taking cover under said destruction, the wood and rock giving some sort of shelter.

His eye lids urged him to close, and fall into yet another uncomfortable sleep.

Which he did, until the storm passed, laying back awkwardly against the stones.

Till he was interrupted by a man with a leathery face, in a very large hat, holding a pistol to his head.

Chapter End Notes

shameless paddy and the rats lyrics?? yeah.

Chapter 9

“Now, who the hell are ye?” The man with the big—oh, he’s a pirate. Rain poured down, waterfalling over the man’s large hat.

James raised both his hands in surrender, “I come here with no harm, please, the storm forced me to wreck.”

Now fully awake, James’ took in the man in front of him. Strong, yet malnourished face structure, incredibly dark eyes. The man must be in his early 70s. The pirate stared at James’ face awfully long, inspecting it, “Admiral Lawrence Norrington.” The pirate cocked the gun.

James’ eyes have never been so big, “No! *No* , no no.” So many alarms went off in James’ head and heart, “I—uh, I’m his son?” James offered sheepishly, which very well could have been taken as a lie.

The pirate narrowed his eyes, there was something familiar about them. James gulped, *Damn, this pirate’s intense* , that’s when it hit him, why he recognized this man, “Capt’n Teague?” James let out a breath.

Teague dropped the glock, securing its place in a hilt, “You *are* that Navy boy.” He deeply chuckled, “The one that nearly drowned. Don’t cower now, boy, ‘can already tell you aren’t living the Royal lifestyle no more, no need to be scared of you.” Teague was clearly assumed.

That bruised James’ ego. (only a bit)

“Where ya headed? ‘M quite spiritless at the moment, I’ll aid ya on ya travels.” The Captain held out his hand for James to take to pull himself up.

James was hesitant to take Teague’s hand of help, Teague saw this expression, and with a frown said, “Ya a pirate now, boy, I help my fellow men.”

Jack was once again on *The Black Pearl* . The familiar sight of a cloudless light blue sky, and an endless expansion of white stone. He was sick of himself, he’ll be the first to say.

But luckily for him, he wasn’t plagued by carbon copies of himself, anymore. But Norrington. His entire crew was Commodore James Norrington. (Which in a way, is *worse*)

The Kraken has returned once more, Jack is fed up with beasties. The tentacles came up threw the white stone that Jack is way too tired of, cracking the land around the Pearl.

One Norrington walked up to him, and in a very feminine voice, “I’m proud of you Jack, you came back.” Enormous tentacles curled throughout the ship, tearing it into itty bitty pieces, just like on that faithful day of his death.

Jack stares at this fake Commodore, this one had Elizabeth's voice.

All the other not-Norringtons stare as the two interact, completely soulless.

“You’re a good man.” James leans oh-so close, their noses almost touching, and he kisses him.

Jack was always weak for pretty things. He lets it happen. This isn’t his Norrington, but that’s okay, this is the only way Jack would *ever* get a smooch from the man, and he’s taking it.

He hears the familiar sound of handcuffs locking.

James parted away from the pirate staring so deep into Jack’s eyes, hatred radiating from them, “It’s after *you* . Not the ship.” God, Jack did love sea-green.

The other not-Norringtons approach Jack, spitting and snapping; “You *coward*.”, “Disgusting, bastard *pirate* .”, among other offensives. The bogus Jamie, the one that kissed him, wrapped his hands around Jack’s throat. Sparrow could think of so many vulgar and suggestive things to say, but the pain in his chest was too unbearable.

Jack’s heart burns, hurt just the same as when Elizabeth cuffed him, the feeling of betrayal, but this is different. His heart felt as if it was carved directly out of his chest, just as if he was Davy Jones.

Jamie.

The tentacles came crashing down, collapsing Jack’s beloved ship in one fell swoop.

And then everything was black.

“I can’t accept this aid.” James protested to Captain Teague, who at this time, was untying the rope to a boat.

After the captain discovered Norrington, he took him back to what seemed to be a lived in cove, along with a makeshift dock with a boat.

“Yeah, ya can. I stole this boat, it ain’t even mine.” Teague retorted, who at the moment was making his way into the boat, “Now c’mon.”

Despite his protest, James joined him, “You do not even know where I am headed.”

“So tell me.”

James was unmoved, dumbfounded, “*Why?*”

Teague let out an exasperated sigh, “Boy. If I were any other man, not a pirate, you would be head over heels to accept my help.”

James was dumbfounded, he would *never* discriminate like that. That past is over. James cleared his voice, “My apologies, I am just wondering why you would help me, the son of a man that has attempted to kill you numerous times.”

“Now we aren't our fathers, now are we?”

James nods slowly, after a pregnant pause of considering this, he puts himself into the boat next to the captain, pulling out his compass, “I am heading the way of the compass.”

Chapter 10

James Norrington still could not fathom why Captain Teague was aiding him on his quest. They've merely interacted *once* before this, and even then, the circumstances weren't good.

This pirate has only ever been decent to James. Both this, and saving a young James from drowning. He didn't *deserve* any of it. Not after his father pushed and *pushed* young James to capture Teague. James was not a good person, not even close. A pompous ass, he is, just like the rest of the Navy.

Now in the middle of the sea, at the direction of Jack's compass, there was little to no words traded between the two. The pirate spent most of his time staring, Teague's gaze sent unsettlement down James' nerves.

Other than that, nothing, that is until Teague broke the silence, "What's ya lover like?"

"*What.*" James responded, flat yet full of bewilderment.

"Clearly ya chasing a lover," Teague shrugged his shoulders slightly, "or a close friend, 'omething along those lines."

James shook his head slowly, trying to decipher what his relationship was Sparrow *actually* was, they aren't *friends* per say, yet James didn't need to respond, Teague continued on, "I saw the look in yur eyes, ya dead set on finding this person."

"I-He saved my life." James managed to piece together the words. Sparrow both helped him, and *trusted* him with his compass.

The ex-Commodore was trying to thread the clues together in his brain, why the *hell* are these pirates being kind to him? He's a *pirate hunter* for fuck's sake! They should've killed him when they had the chance.

After a long break of conversation, spent with Teague looking expectantly at Norrington, James asked with a quiet voice, "Why are pirates so generous? Why to *me* of all people?"

"We're people like you, boy. Just surviving."

Jack was back on the deck of a ship, though it wasn't *The Black Pearl*, anymore. He doesn't know the name, but he fuzzily remembers it, like a dream, from long ago, it was a Navy ship.

He was in chains, standing next to his father, Captain Edward Teague. Looking up to his father, Jack came to realize that he is his child self, from a battle long ago.

The two pirates were getting ridiculed by faceless Navy soldiers. Jack stared at his boots, ignoring the pompous gits.

This angered the Navy leader, punching the young Jack in the jaw. Falling to the ground, spitting out newly created blood from his mouth. Looking over past the Navy-men, Jack met his gaze with

a boy, just around his age.

That is when the ground broke under him. From the wood of the ship, to the familiar sight of white stone, cracking; enveloped in murky sea water.

The boy falls into the flood along with Jack.

Completely submerged in the chilled, endless expanse of water, Jack looks to the boy, only a few meters across from him in the sea. The boy is unconscious, floating, almost like a painting, through the sea green, salt water.

The boy is a young James Norrington, Jack could recognize him anywhere. Jack swims to him, reaching out his hand, to pull him to air.

The sea turns rapidly aggressive, pulling James away from him. Young Norrington, now wide awake, reached out his hand for Jack, just to be whipped away.

James' eyes were so full of fear, Jack could almost hear the soundless scream coming from the drowning boy.

Another harsh stream of water pushed the two further apart, the pressure turning everything to black.

“So this lad ya chasing, a pirate?” It’s been a few hours since James and Teague last spoke, and Teague opted to break the stillness in the air once again.

James nods slowly, weary of any reaction Teague could lash out with in response to this fact.

Teague chuckled, leaning back onto the edge of the boat, “Wish ya father could see you now, pining after a pirate, a pirate yaself.”

James restrained himself from any sort of response.

“That who you got the compass from, then?” Teague probed on, James was getting frustrated with the nosiness.

James nodded with a hum, choosing not to go more in depth, as well as not question the fact the Teague *knew* the compass wasn’t James’. Instead, he closed his eyes.

If Jack Sparrow was truly honest, he never wants to see Norrington’s, or his own, face again.

Why couldn’t have he died normally? It’s all turns to black. But noooo, he got *this* .

Luckily, next time Jack woke up, or whatever it was, he was standing on the sand stone he knows all to well. Pulling on something *really* heavy. Jack turns around to see what the rope he was pulling was attached to, *The Black Pearl*.

Jack lets out a groan of frustration, and opts to fall flat on his back in exhaustion.

He just wanted to go home, or *actually* die, either or is decent.

He landed next to a pebble that started to crack open? Yeah, probably not a pebble, but that's not the strangest thing he's seen this entire time.

The pebble was actually a crab.

“Whatchya want mate?” Jack deadpans to the crab.

The crab, being a crab, didn't respond, and shuffled away. Jack let out a ‘humpf’ and closed his eyes, basking in the hot sun, he just wanted to *go*.

He laid there for minutes, hours? Not sure, but he opened his eyes when the constant heat of the sun left him, he was shadowed over.

Jack jumped up, absolutely baffled. There were thousands of the same crab from before, *moving* the Pearl.

He might be going home, at last.

James was awakened with a start of water being poured over his head, “What the *bloody*—” He snapped, but was cut off by Captain Teague, holding a bucket, pointing out to the distance.

There was a ship, *close by*.

James rushed around, checking his pockets and etcetera for the compass. When he got it in his hands, he opened it. Anxious to see if that ship is where he needs to go.

It was. The compass pointed directly at the oncoming ship.

“I'll send you their way, but that's as far as I'm going, I have piracy business to attend to. It was nice to catch up, James Norrington.”

Elizabeth Swann had come a long way, trying to get back Jack from Davy's Jones locker, in order to reconvene the *Court of the Pirate Brethren*. She's seen a lot over her travels, but she surely wasn't expecting *this*.

Will had spotted an oncoming boat, seeming to have two passengers.

Only one of the two came onto their ship.

Elizabeth, Will, Gibbs, and others of the crew were ready to attack, weapons and all, in case the newcomer was dangerous.

Tia Dalma was close lipped, sitting off to the side, waiting for the newcomer expectantly.

This supposedly *dangerous* person was in fact, undoubtedly, ex-Commodore James Norrington.

“*Commodore?*” Gibbs gasped out, just as he did all that long ago on Tortuga.

“Where is Jack Sparrow?” James asked, point blank.

Elizabeth and Will gave each other bewildered looks, both thinking the same thing, *does he not know?*

“Where is he?!” James growled out in frustration, “His compass led me *here*, where is he?”

The compass led him here? Elizabeth finally stepped up to answer his question, “James, he died on the Pearl, you were there.”

Desperation flooded his eyes, “No, *no*. He can’t be! I came *all this way*, the compass showed me!” James rebutted, refusing to believe Miss Swann.

Tia Dalma spoke up for the first time, “James Norrington, we’re on our way to Davy Jones’ Locker, to find your Sparrow.”

My Sparrow?

“We’re gonna save him, Commodore.”

Elizabeth was utterly confused, James was following *Jack’s* compass, looking *for* Jack. Does he even realize it directs you to what you want most in this world?

He definitely does realize.

But why Sparrow?

He doesn’t seem to *want* to kill him, or capture him, or whatever.

He *wants* him.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jack was perched on the bird's nest of *The Black Pearl*, as the boat surfed through sand and stone, upon a sea of crabs. A truly bonkers occurrence.

It had to be another hallucination.

At least this one was better than the last few.

Via his heightened view of the land, Jack saw a sea over several dunes of sand. And within said sea, a ship, with a large crew.

The Pearl surfed through the dunes, landing in the sea. *Finally, something normal.* Jack made his way off the ship, wanting to get this next hallucination over with, he went over towards the oncoming crew.

They actually had their own faces, as opposed to the faces of Jack Sparrow or James Norrington. That was an improvement.

“Mr. Gibbs!” Jack calls in a somewhat demeaning manner.

“Aye Cap'n?” Gibbs stood straight to attention.

“I thought so, I suspect you're gonna account for your actions then?”

“Sir?” Gibbs wearily pushes on. These illusions are getting awfully real.

“There’s been a perpetual, abundant lack of discipline upon my ship, lately, ”Jack’s voice rose in volume, in both frustration and weariness, ”*Why?* Why is that?!”

Silence. “Sir, you're in Davy Jones’ locker.”

Jack stares in utter silence, unreadable expression, “I...*I know* that.” Jack blatantly lies, “I know where I am, don’t think I don’t.” He orders in his defense.

Will, seeing the utter confusion on the renowned pirate’s face, smirks, “He thinks we’re an illusion.”

This comment pisses Jack off, and he moves toward Will, “Are ya here to get me help to save a damsel in distress? No? See, this is a hallucination!” Jack twirls around, arms gestured out at Will.

Elizabeth adds on, “Jack, we’re real.”

Jack continues to be in disbelief. Until he saw a man through the crowd of his crew. A face he wished never to see again, yet oh so desperately wanted to, *James Norrington*.

Seeing James, shock, sadness, and many other emotions not identified swim threw the captain’s dark eyes. Making his way over towards the ex-Commodore, Jack gestures toward him. James' stomach fills with uneasiness, afraid of what Jack can or will say or do.

“See! See, this isn’t real, Jamie’s *dead* !” Sparrow retorts desperately.

Confused murmurs of *Jamie?* move the crowd. Baffled at the nickname, James ignores the crew, “Sparrow, this is real, you’re real, I’m real. We are here to save you from the locker.”

“Why should I believe you? Four you have tried to kill me in the past, at least one of you *wants* me dead,” He gestures to Norrington, “and one of you succeeded.” Clearly referring to Miss Swann. Jack started walking away from the crowd of pirates, back to the Pearl.

Elizabeth inhaled sharply, yet quietly and barely noticeable, except by James and Will.

James, at his limit of frustration, threw one of the many white stones laying on the ground, hitting Sparrow square on the back. His crew hissed in anticipation, excepting Sparrow to lash out, “You *stupid*, bloody pirate!” James pulled out the compass, holding it by the string it was attached too, out to Sparrow, “Take your compass! I came all this way, I’m done.” He tossed it at Sparrow.

Getting hit with the stone surprised Jack, *the hallucination never did that before*. He turned to Norrington, who was holding out his compass to him. Jack’s eyes were never so wide, *this is real*.

He did not take the compass, “Where’re we headed?”

Jack and James spoke very little to the other for the sail home. There were piles of words and questions left unsaid, neither of which had the nerves to speak.

James resorted to sitting on some steps, contemplating, truly this time, why the *hell* he’s here. Sparrow doesn’t seem to want him here, anyway.

Four you have tried to kill me in the past, at least one of you wants me dead, and one of you succeeded.

James doesn’t want him dead anymore. Quite the opposite. James put his chin on his knees, his arms crossed over them.

While this was happening, Jack was messing with the map, turning it back and forth, murmuring to himself, frustrated, “Sunsets can’t be sunrises, that don’t make sense.” Though, it noticed something when he paused the spinning. *Up is down*. Jack frowns, “Why are these things never clear?”

Jack’s mind drifted off, considering the many possibilities of his future, what if he *did* stab the heart? He’d be the captain of *The Flying Dutchman*! The *immortal* Captain Jack Sparrow. Then he considered the deficit of rum if he were to be, only able to acquire it every ten years. *He’ll only be able to see Jamie once every ten years, too*. Worse than being dead.

Then again, none of that would matter by the time the sun sets, they’ll be in the land of the dead forever.

Wait.

Not sunset.

Sun *down*.

Jack spins the middle piece of the map, the image of a ship, “And rise...”

“Up!” Jack jumps from his seat. Putting back on his drunk persona, he yelps and points out to the water, “What’s that?!” He runs to the railing.

This catches the attention of Gibbs and Will, who join Jack at the side, utterly confused. James looks over to the captain, just as perplexed, there was nothing out there for ages.

Jack continues on with the bit, looking back to the other side of the ship, with another yelp, he runs to the other side. More and more of the crew join him, wanting to see what their bonkers captain is seeing. James still watches on.

Jack continues the pattern of running to the opposite side, gasping, and running back.

James came to realize what Sparrow was trying to do, and with a call of, “He’s rocking the ship!” James runs up and joins Sparrow.

Barbossa takes this comment into consideration, looking at the map; *Up is down*. “Aye, he gets it!”

Running down to the storage and canon cabin, Barbossa calls to the men, “Loose the cannons ya lazy rats!” Sending them all into action

Back on the main deck of the Pearl, what was essentially the entire crew had joined Jack. *The Black Pearl* was *horizontal* at the highest point of rocking.

They kept bounding back and forth down the ship, and eventually it stopped rocking, and gave into gravity.

Everyone gripped on to what they could, not wanting to lose themselves to the depths below. Jack’s fingers ached from trying to hold on, yet he persevered, “Now up…” The ship finished its one hundred eighty degree spin.

“…Is down”

As the ship was fully submerged in water, James managed to lose his grasp on the railing, falling into the abyss below, a soundless scream, flooded by water, ripped from his throat.

Jack looked down towards the drowning man. Immediately into action, he grabs onto a rope near him, dropping down towards it, reaching out for Norrington.

James’ eyes were so full of fear, he stretched for the pirate, trying to swim up to him through the chaotic currents of water.

They made contact, James gripped onto Jack’s wrist, who pulled him up beside him.

After getting on Jack’s relative same level, James’ clutched at Jack’s middle. Holding on so, James’ eyes were closed just as tight. This action surprised Jack, who with his free hand, reciprocated the hold.

James’ head was buried onto Jack’s shoulder. Jack held onto both the rope and Norrington, stared through the endless sea, watching the sunset. After what felt like an eternity, it flashed an iridescent, blazing green.

That is when the Pearl rose from the sea, and flipped fully back upright. Water drained from the ship, along with lost crates and materials, but nobody truly cared. The sunset was now rising, they were back home.

Chapter End Notes

At this point in writing, I am so close to finishing it. On chapter 16, expecting it to be finished between 18-20

Chapter 12

Relief washed over the eternity of the crew aboard. They were *home*, they survived Davy Jones' locker. Some let out laughs of disbelief. But that moment of bliss was cut short.

Barbossa decided to pull out his two pistols, pointing them at both Jack and James. This occurrence sent a domino effect of Elizabeth, Will, Jack, and Gibbs holding the barrels of their guns at one another, in a circle. James was the only one without, sending him into panic, but opted to stay quiet.

They all stared at each other, waiting for someone to make a move. The entire ship deck was silent. Barbossa let out a chuckle, spreading out to the rest of the arm-bearers. Who let down their weapons, laughing at one another. (Though the chuckles sounded disingenuous)

The guns were back up and aimed when Barbossa let out an, "Alright then! The Brethren Court is gathering in shipwreck cove. And Jack, you 'n I are going 'n there will be no arguing that point."

"I is arguing that point." Jack sassed back, "Pirates are gathering? I'm pointing my ship the other way."

This enraged Elizabeth, now pointing both of her pistols at Jack, "The pirates are gathering in order to fight Beckett," She spat, "And *you're* a pirate."

"Fighting Beckett?" James questioned, not realizing *this* is the reason they wanted Jack back.

He was ignored, when Will pointed both his guns at Jack, "Fight or not, Jack, you're not running."

Barbossa still had one of his guns at Jack, "They'll hunt us down till there be no one left but *you*."

Jack smirked, "Quite like the sound of that, *Captain* Jack Sparrow, *the last pirate*."

Sparrow's pure acceptance to this idea, and absolute selfishness angered James, and he whisper-shouted to the pirate next to him, "*Coward* ."

Jack looked over to James, no response. Barbossa continued, "Aye," He moved closer to Sparrow, "N' you'll be fightin' Jones *alone* , now where does that fit into your *plan* ?"

"Still working on it." Sparrow sneered back, "But I will not be going back to the court, you can count on that." He pulled the trigger.

Yet nothing shot.

The gunpowder was wet, and therefore unusable. So when all the others tried to shoot in response, nothing happened.

A chorus of frustrated sighs. Will walked over to the map, "There's a fresh water spring here, we can refuel, get back to shooting each other later."

But James didn't really pay attention to the map, more so on his frustration with Sparrow. Still a selfish coward. And yet James came all this way to find him, he was a fool.

Sparrow and Barbossa argued over who was to stay on the ship, and who was to leave onto the island. Will proposed that he would captain the ship temporarily, this led Barbossa, Sparrow, James, and a few others to leave the ship, and row to the island on longboats.

It was borderline silent as the group made their way to the water spring. Jack opted to ruin this peace and quiet, making his way next to Norrington, “Why’d ya come?” He asked plainly.

“What?” James whispered out, not looking at Jack.

“You didn’t need to go along with them inta’ Davy Jones Locker, why did ya?”

With a sigh, James looked down. He genuinely was clueless on how to respond to a question he did not have the answer to.

Jack, wanting answers, probed on, “*James?*”

James, he called me James. “I don’t know.” He looked at Jack directly for the first time in so long, “Why does it matter, anyhow?”

With a hum, “Right.” Jack responded.

The troop continued on through the humid brush of vegetation. Pushing away leaves and branches.

It had only been a few minutes until they came across the water spring, with a dead man floating in. Barbossa tested the water, splashing a bit into his mouth. And with a spit of disgust, told the crew, “It’s poison.”

One crew member flips the body over, face up, “‘Ey I know ‘im! He was in Singapore!”

James, Jack, and Barbossa share unsettled, weary looks, knowing what potentially could come from this. Their thoughts were answered, when one of the men looking out yelps in fear, “Cap’n! We got company!” He points panic-stricken to an oncoming ship, very close, too close, to the Pearl.

And with that discovery, all the crewmen that joined them from Singapore turned on Jack, pointing weapons and various kinds at them. James was being threatened, along with Sparrow, and they were pushed together, back to back.

And in Jack’s moment of alarm, he points and shrugs over to Barbossa, “He’s the captain.” Completely contradicting their last argument.

James scoffs at this display, and kicks Jack in the shin, who responds with an accusatory yelp.

When the group managed to get back to the Pearl, Captain Sao Feng and his crew, those of which he didn’t send along with Elizabeth and Will, were flooding the ship. Hollering at the now captured crew of *The Black Pearl*.

“Sao Feng,” Barbossa got the captain’s attention, “You showin’ up here is truly a remarkable coincidence.”

Jack attempted to hide within the crowd, head down. It reminded James of when he threatened to kill Sparrow on Tortuga.

Sao Feng openly ignored the small talk from Barbossa, tilting his head with a smirk, his eyes landing on the poorly hidden Sparrow, “*Jack Sparrow* . You paid me greatly, once.”

Sparrow came from hiding, moving to stand in between Sao Feng and Norrington, “That doesn’t sound like me.” He jeered. And with that comment, got a harsh punch to the face by Sao Feng, leading to gasped echoing throughout the ship. James covered his mouth to mask his own.

Jack groaned in pain as he cracked his now broken nose into place. Again, James hid his grimace behind his hand, “Should we just call this square, then?” He wheezes out.

Will interrupted, “Release her,” He lowered his voice, to just be heard by Sao Feng, “She’s not part of the bargain.”

Barbossa smirked, knowing where this was going, “Now, what bargain be that?”

He was ignored, when Sao Feng commanded his crew, “You heard *Captain* Turner! Release her!”

Jack’s eyes widened slightly in shock, still holding his nose, as to prevent it from not bleeding. James is the one who opted to lash out, “You lying *bastard* !” He lunged at Will, but was held back by Sparrow.

Will nodded at Jack, ignoring Norrington, “I need the Pearl to free my father. It’s the only reason I came on this voyage.” Elizabeth gave Will a hard look of betrayal, angry with her lover, that he did not inform her of this plan earlier.

You need the Pearl,” Jack pointed harshly at Will, “And you two, need me for the Brethren Court.” He gestured back and forth to Barbossa and Elizabeth.

Sparrow continued with a gesture to the entire ship, “Did nobody come along to save me, ‘cause they *missed* me?” He looked around, waiting for an answer.

James stared at Sparrow, taking this query in. Thinking back to why he went through this entire trek. He had nothing to gain! Yet he went through all of this *shit* for *bloody* Jack Sparrow.

Why did he do it?

Jack was his only constant in James’ life, whether or not he hated him, wanted to kill him, or god forbid, *cared* for him.

Only three members of Jack’s crew raised their hands, stating that they came all this way for Jack, and not for any other plot. Jack’s smile grew as he pointed over to them.

James shouldn’t raise his hand, he *shouldn’t* .

“I’m standing over there with them!” Jack skipped to his followers.

But he was stopped, by Sao Feng, who grabbed Jack so incredibly harshly by the shoulders, “I’m sorry Jack,” He whispered sharply into his ear, “But there is an old *friend* who wants to see you.”

Jack knew to be scared, yet he put on a smile anyway, “How could I ever deny a visit from an old friend?”

Sao Feng held his grip, bringing Jack over to the edge of the Pearl, “Here’s your chance.”

James followed the two, pushing through an uncooperating crowd, trying to see what Sao Feng and Sparrow were seeing. James' heart dropped, it was *Beckett's* ship.

Chapter 13

Jack Sparrow was shoved into Lord Beckett's quarter's upon the *HMS Endeavor*. Though guards didn't join him, just Sparrow alone with Beckett.

"Your friends appear to be quite *desperate*, Jack." Beckett stated, back turned to Jack, looking out the window at *The Black Pearl*, "Perhaps they no longer believe that a pack of squandering *pirates* can defeat *The Flying Dutchman*."

Jack looks warily at Beckett, rubbing his hands together in nervousness. He quietly steps over to Beckett's things, rummaging through them.

Beckett continues, "And so despair leads to betrayal. You and I are no strangers to betrayal." He finally turns to look at Sparrow, as this comment stops Jack in his tracks, "Are we?"

Again, Beckett continues, *He really needs to know when to stop talking*, "It's not here, Jack."

Sparrow purses his lips, "What? What isn't?" He plays off, even though he knows that Beckett realized he was looking for something within his items.

"The heart of Davy Jones is safely aboard the Dutchman, and unable to be used as leverage for you to settle your debt to the good Captain." He slowly approaches Jack. In return, Jack watches Beckett's every move with uneasy eyes.

Jack once again, plays off his fear by striding lazily throughout the room, "By *my* reckoning, that account has been settled." He gives the Lord a smirk.

"By your death," Once again, Sparrow freezes, "And yet, *here* you are." He continues, "And if Davy Jones were to learn of your survival."

He lets Jack wallow in the possibilities of what could be done to him, "So perhaps you could consider an alternative arrangement. One which demands absolutely nothing from you, but information." He pours two shots of wine, handing one to Sparrow.

Jack takes the offer of alcohol (of course), "Regarding the Brethren Court, no doubt?" He takes Beckett's glass as well, easily chugging both, "In exchange for fair compensation."

Jack continues after he cleared his voice, "I square my debt with Jones, guarantee my freedom."

Beckett pours another glass, "Of course, It's just good business."

"What would I be to divulge?" Jack probes.

Beckett gets in *way* too close for Jack's liking, whispering into the pirate's ear, "Everything. Where are they meeting, who are the pirate lords," He leans in closer, sending an unsettling pit into Jack's stomach, "What is the purpose of the nine pieces of eight."

Jack picks up a paper fan, inspecting it. He considers what to tell Beckett, and whether or not to be truthful. Whipping the fan open, he fans himself dramatically, "You can keep Barbossa!" He continues to name off a few members of his crew, "and *Turner*." He folds the fan back up, as to finish his statement.

Beckett leans back in his chair, "What about James Norrington? I know he is both alive, and upon

your ship.”

Jack’s stomach drops, sending unpleasant butterflies throughout it. Sparrow’s demeanor visibly gets more serious, “What interest do you have in him?”

A devilish grin appears upon Beckett’s face, “I just recalled, you’ve got a compass, that points directly to whatever I want.”

James has it.

“You don’t *exactly* need it, you already know *exactly* what you want.”

Beckett frowns at the pirate’s uncooperation, “And what is that?”

Jack gestures to himself with a smile, “Me! Dead.”

“*Damn.* ” Beckett whispers under his breath, “Although, if I kill you, I can use the compass to get to Shipwreck Cove, is it? On my own.” Beckett swiftly pulls out his pistol, pointing it to Sparrow’s chest.

With a semi-silent gulp, Jack counters, “With me killed, you’d arrive at the cove to find its stronghold not invadable, being able to withstand a blockade for *years* .”

Jack stalks closer to Beckett, ignoring the gun now pressed into his chest, “And then you’d be wishing ‘oh, if only there was someone I had *not* killed inside, to ensure that the pirates in command then come outside.”

“And you can accomplish all this, can you?”

“You insult me!” Jack jokes, “Who *am I* ?”

Beckett shakes his head, unknowing and unable to answer.

Jack frowns, “‘m Captain Jack Sparrow.”

As if on cue, the glass windows shatter, caused by a cannonball from the Pearl. This causes Beckett to lose his footing. And Jack, as he typically does, runs off.

Battle ensues upon both *The Black Pearl*, Captain Sao Feng’s ship, and the *Endeavor* . James tries to avoid the slashes of blades and the shots of guns, and any debris flying around.

What the hell did Sparrow and Beckett agree too?

James *knew* Beckett, whether he liked it or not, and knew he only wanted Jack to get something from him.

But after another shot of a cannon, the pirate swings over from the *Endeavor* , landing in front of James. The shock from the pirate quickly landing in front of him wore off, and James gripped the front of Sparrow’s collar, attempting to put on his most fear-inducing face, “ *What did you agree too?* ” He spits gratingly into Sparrow’s face. They were so close together, noses almost touching.

Jack smiled, *that goddamn smile*, “We agreed to nothin, luv.”

Beckett, along with one of his underranked, look off the railing of the *Endeavor*, at the Pearl.

“Which ship do we follow?”

“Single the Dutchman to follow Sao Feng, we follow the Pearl.” Beckett ordered in response, “How soon can we have the ship ready to pursue?” One of the flag poles finally gives way to the abuse it was through during the battle, falling over into the sea.

Only the lackey pays attention to this, “Do you think he plans it all, or just makes it up as he goes along?” He breathes out in amazement. Beckett gives him a look of utter disappointment and fury. The man nods in understanding and goes off to do as he was ordered, as *The Black Pearl* sails off into the glow of the sunset.

Jack Sparrow found James sitting on the stairs down to the cargo hold. The ex-Commodore did not notice the new presence behind him. Jack just stared at the man, unknowing to what to say.

“Why did you come?”

Sparrow’s voice made James jump in surprise, “Bloody christ! Warn a man.” He put a hand to his rapidly beating heart.

“Ya didn’t answer my question, clearly ya didn’t miss me. What’s in it for you?”

James turned his body to look at the pirate, who was leaning against the railing to the stairs. As James kept his silence, Jack took a few steps down, closer to Norrington, “I’ve been *dying* to know, luv.”

The irony of the way Sparrow used ‘dying’ did not fly over James’ head. Which did poke a needle to his heart, not wanting to think about Sparrow’s death again, “Please, don’t call me that.” James turned away from Jack, retaking his spot at the bottom of the stairs.

But Jack had joined him, and plopped right next to James, “Ya missed me.” Jack smirked, whispering the comment into James’ ear.

The comment created a nauseous pit in James’ stomach. Face red, palms sweaty as he folded them together. With a shove, he looked away from the pirate, “Oh, shut up.”

When James saw Sparrow had no plans on leaving him alone, he pulled out the compass from his coat pocket, tossing it gently to Jack, “Here, take it back.”

Jack genuinely smiled, as if a question in his mind had been answered, “Thanks, luv.” That nickname, *again*. But James didn’t have the chance to be aggravated, as Sparrow gave him a quick peck on the cheek and ran off, leaving James blushing red, in emotional disarray.

Chapter 14

Will was tying dead, or unconscious (even Will wasn't even sure) bodies to barrels. Why he was doing this was not clear. Probably to save his father, "Bootstrap" Bill Turner in the end. But to the ends, justify the means?

Whatever, "You escaped the brig even quicker than I expected!" Jack Sparrow called from his lounging position, laying on the nose of the Pearl.

Will responded with a jolt, not expecting the pirate to be there. Eyes bulging out in wariness and fright, Will held up his knife in Jack's direction.

"William!" Jack hopped up from his position, making his way down the nose, towards Turner, "Do you notice anything," He took a pause, using the rope nearby to help his trek down, "Rather, do you notice something that is not there to be noticed?" Jack stared, wide eyed, yet not afraid into Will's eyes.

"You haven't sounded an alarm." Will's statement was more a question.

"Odd, isn't it?" Jack pursed his lip, "But not as odd as this." He gestured to the body tied to the barrel, that Will was in the midst of working on, "Come up with this all by yur lonesome, did you?"

Will smirked, "I said to myself, 'think like Jack'"

"This is what you arrived at?" Jack said in utter disappointment, clearly offended, "Lead Beckett to Shipwreck Cove so as to gain his trust, accomplish your own ends?" Will looked to the side, avoided the Captain's gaze, ashamed. Jack continued, "It's like you don't know me at *all*, mate!"

Defeated, Will dropped his arm holding the knife. Again, Jack continued, "But I wonder how your dearly beloved feels about this?" Knowingly hitting a sore spot, "Ah...Not seem fit to trust her with this."

Will looked dejectedly off into the seeline, "I'm losing her, Jack. Every step I make for my father is a step away from Elizabeth."

"Maybe if you *choose* to lock ya heart away," Jack turned around and walked a few meters away, leaning on to a wall, "Or you could let someone *else* dispatch Jones." Jack advanced, clearly referencing himself.

"Who?" Will was lost of hope, then he realized, turning to Jack in complete disbelief, "*You?*"

Jack smiled awkwardly, seeing Will's repulsed expression, "Death has a curious way of shifting one's priorities," He got closer to Will, his voice increasing in tempo, "I slip aboard the Dutchman, find the heart, stab the beating thing, your father goes free from his debt, and your free to go off with your charming, murderest." Jack ended his totally full-proof plan with a smile.

"And you're willing to cut out your heart and bind yourself to the Dutchman, forever?" Will sneered.

"No mate, 'm *free* forever." Jack paused, "Free to sail the seas to the edges of the map, free from *death itself*."

Will pushed himself into Jack's space, getting all up in his face with a whisper, "You have to do

the job, Jack. You have to carry souls to the next world, or end up just like Jones,” Will gestured to his chin, referencing Jones’ beard of tentacles.

Jack mimicked the movement, gagging at the possibility, “I don’t have the face for tentacles.” “But being immortal has to come for something, ey?”

“What about rum, or your lasses? Only once every ten years, completely misery, I’d say.” Will attempted to play to Jack’s wants.

“Don’t have the particular eye for lasses, at the moment.” Jack shrugged off, “Rum, on the other hand... being immortal has to come for something, ey?”

Will just stared at the cowardly, selfish pirate. Who then continued blabbering, with a, “Oh!” Jack pulled out his compass, newly retrieved back from James. He placed it in Will’s awaiting hands.

“What’s this for?” Will questioned.

“Think like me, it’ll come to you eventually.” Jack smirked, it quickly turned devilish as he got right in Will’s face. Heaving a *nasty* smelling breath into his face, causing Will to trip and fall over the side of the Pearl. In supposed aid, Jack also pushed the body tied to the barrel into the sea with a call of, “My regards to Davy Jones!” He saluted sarcastically.

The Pearl sailed away from the swimming man. Will grabbed onto the barrel as a floating device, spitting to himself, “I *hate* him.”

After accomplishing pushing Will off the Pearl, Jack smirked to himself, strolling towards the opposite side of the ship. Until his tracks were stopped by none other than Norrington, again, “Free to sail the seas, huh?” James raised his eyebrow.

“Ah, snooping I see, I like you, bugger.” Jack retorted, a slight ghost of a smile upon his face.

James did not play into the banter, “You’re a selfish *prick* .” He spat with a frown.

“Willing to take the burden of immortal hell off of good ‘ol William’s shoulders? The opposite of selfish, I’d say.”

James was tongue tied, wanting to say so much, yet nothing at all. *I don’t want you to go*. How much of an *ass* Sparrow is, not considering how others would feel about this? *How I would feel*.

But James said nothing. After lasting eye contact. *His eyes are pretty* . James pushed past Sparrow with a forceful shove, yet Jack did not reciprocate the aggression.

He watched James go, with an unheard whisper of, “I’m sorry, Jamie.”

James needed to detach himself from Sparrow. He cannot *stand* him. The pirate just brought upon chaotic, horrid energy, and James did not need to associate with that.

Yet James did, and he wanted to.

Why did Sparrow want to captain the Dutchman?

James needed to separate from him, get used to not being around Sparrow. He needed to sever whatever the hell was going between him and Jack. Sooner or later, he will be gone. Whether bound to *The Flying Dutchman*, or dead.

It hurts.

Having fates so intertwined, yet not joined.

“Look alive, and keep a weathered eye!” Gibbs bellowed orders to the crewmen, “There's a reason why it's called Shipwreck Island, where like Shipwreck Cove, in the town of Shipwreck.”

The crew just stared. One man shrugged, “You heard ‘im!”

James gazed off at the island nearby, arms resting on the railing.

Jack strutted across the deck, watching James' back. Norrington truly was pretty, his hair tied back, half up half down. Pleasant jaw line, gorgeous voice.

Gibbs joined Sparrow, popping up by his side, “Ya truly need to stop gawking at the Commodore.”

“What? I don't even know what you are talking about.” Jack retorted flatly, yet quickly.

Gibbs was very aware of Sparrow's lie, just giving him a strange look. Jack changed the subject with, “You know, got all that pirates are clever, we are an unimaginative lot when it comes to naming things.”

“Aye?”

The two stopped at the top of the ship, Jack went off with a story, “I once sailed with a man who lost *both* of his arms, and part of his eye.”

Gibbs nodded, “Whatchya call him?”

A moment of silence, “Larry.”

A snort of laughter sounded from Norrington, nearby, and clearly listening in.

“You have something to say?” Jack smirked, he liked the sound of James' laugh.

James looked at the captain with a shrug and a smile, “I thought it was funny.”

Jack liked that smile more.

Gibbs snorted, whispering into Sparrow's ear, “Ya look like a puppy which wants a treat.”

Jack shoved Gibbs, “Oh, shut up, you git.”

Chapter 15

The crew of *The Black Pearl* looked upon the cove in amazement, seeing the immense amount of ships, and crews within.

“There’s not been a gathering like this in our lifetime.” Barbossa announced to the crew.

James thought of how much his life had changed in so many years. Before, striving tirelessly at anything to kill Jack Sparrow. Now, standing next to the man, surrounded by an incredible amount of pirates. And he would never change it for the world.

Jack had told the crew that only he and Barbossa would be attending. James, being James, demanded otherwise, refusing to stay. Grabbing Jack Sparrow by the arm before he could make his way off the Pearl, “I’m coming along with, no complaints, you cannot stop me.”

Jack stared at James face for a long while, unsettling him with his intense gaze. *God his eyes.* Sparrow stared as if he was considering options in his mind, but his utter silence was cut off when he said, in the most genuine sounding voice, with a matching smile, “You’re so much like Elizabeth.”

James’ heart stuttered and froze, all his movements suspended by a select few words. His grip on Jack had lessened. His heart was set ablaze, making his whole body warm. He had no idea what to name the emotions he was feeling, but James can guarantee that they were never discovered, “What. What does that *mean* ?” He stuttered out with his heartbeat, so incredibly quick.

Jack just smiled at him, no response. And turned away to follow Barbossa off the Pearl.

Barbossa whipped a chain down onto the table that tens of potentially hundreds of pirates surrounded, mimicking a javal, “I conviene this the Fourth Brethren Court.”

Jack messed with a globe with swords stabbed into it, as James stood nearby him.

“Present now, your pieces of eight, fellow captains.” Barbossa continued to command. A few lackeys went around the table, having the Pirate Lords drop their pieces into a bucket.

James stared at them, their just random *trinkets*, nothing special whatsoever, “Those aren’t pieces of eight, they’re just pieces of *junk* !” James whispered to Sparrow.

“Aye,” Jack whispered back, “The original plan was to use nine pieces of eight, but when the first court met, the Brethren was skint broke.” He shrugged, looking at James through the corner of his eyes.

James let out a huff of amusement.

Until one of the pirates called out, “Sparrow!” Causing everyone to look towards the captain expectantly, and murmurs circulated through the crowd.

Sparrow played with one of the beads in his dreads, “Might I point out that we are still short of one

Pirate Lord, and I'm as content as a cucumber to wait until Sao Feng joins." Smirking at Barbossa.

A new voice joined the crowd, "Sao Feng is dead." She bellowed, Elizabeth Swann, "He fell to *The Flying Dutchman*." Ruckus throughout the court ensued.

James yelped out a surprised, "Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth stabbed a new sword into the globe, Jack's eyes widened, "He made *you* captain?" Elizabeth just glared at Sparrow, blatantly ignoring James.

Moving over towards the table, she called out to the pirates, "Listen to me! Our location has been betrayed. Jones is under the command of Lord Beckett, and they're on their way here." She boomed her voice, grabbing the attention of nearly everyone in the room.

"Who is this betrayer?!" A lord called out.

Barbossa motioned with his hands, "Not likely anyone among us."

"Where's Will?" Elizabeth whispered to Jack.

"Not among us." Jack dead panned.

Barbossa continued on, ignoring the two, "And it's not *how* they found us, the question is what do you do now that they *have*."

Elizabeth was the first to answer, "We fight." This sent the court into outrageous laughter.

Another Pirate Lord spoke up, "Shipwreck Cove is a *fortress*, there is no need to fight if death cannot get to us."

"There be a third course," Barbossa uttered ominously, "In another age at this very stop, the Brethren Court captured the sea goddess, Calypso, and bound her to bones." He nodded, encouraging the court, "That was a mistake."

Barbossa continued after a pregnant pause, "Oh, we'd finally get the seas to ourselves, aye! But opened the door to *Beckett* ! And his lot!" He stared harshly at the crowd, "Better were the days when mastery seas came not from bargains struck by eldritch creatures, but by the strength of their backs alone! You *all* know this to be true!"

"Gentleman," Barbossa nodded to Elizabeth, "And ladies," Another pause, "We must free Calypso."

Merely a hush of silence came from the pirates, for just a moment. Until they all rioted in protest, yelling out claims and accusations. Commands to shoot Barbossa. Cut out his tongue.

"Shoot him then cut out his tongue, then shoot the tongue." Jack continued the bit, "And then trim that scraggly beard." James chuckled at Jack's lengthy proposition.

"Calypso was our enemy then, she'll be our enemy now!"

"And it's unlikely her moods improved."

"We release Calypso!" Another Lord protested. Leading out to a maddening brawl between the pirates. Climbing over tables and chairs to get to one another, bite and claw, smashing anything in their paths.

“This is *madness* .” Elizabeth spat out in distress.

Jack shrugged, “This is politics.”

“And we have enemies breathing down our necks.” James added.

“If they're not here already.”

Chaos continued, Barbossa fed up with it, opted to stand on top of the table, shooting his pistol to the ceiling, grabbing the attention of everyone, “It was the first court that imprisoned Calypso, we should be the ones to set her free.” Barbossa truly is good at speeches, “And in her gratitude, she will see fit to grant us booze.”

“Who’s booze, your booze?” Jack questioned.

Hoping off the table, Barbossa sassed at the captain, “If ya have a better alternative, *please share* .”

Jack stood in silence, which he broke with a, “Cuttlefish.” Everyone gave him bizarre, expectant looks, “Aye?” Pushing his way threw the crowd, “Let us not, dear friends, forget our *dear friends*, the cuttlefish. Pin them up together and they will devour each other without a second thought.”

Jack continued, “So yes, we could hole up here, well-provisioned and well-armed, and half of us would be dead within the month. Which seems quite grim any way you slice it.”

“Or as my *colleague* suggests, we could release Calypso. And we can *pray* she’d be merciful. *I’d rather doubt it*.” Sparrow’s voice crescendoed, “Can we, infact, pretend she is anything other than a woman scorned by fury hell hath known?!” He answered his own question, “We cannot.”

Jack made his way opposite to the table as Elizabeth and Barbossa. James still lingered in the background, wanting to be ignored. Jack continued, “So we have *one* option, I agree with, and I cannot believe the words are coming out of me mouth, *Captain Swann*.” He gestured dramatically towards Elizabeth, “We must fight.”

This angered Barbossa, “You’ve always run away from a fight!”

“Have not!” Jack protested.

“Have so!”

They kept going back and forth like that, similar to pompous children.

“I have only submitted to the oldest, and greatest of pirate traditions, which we must do. We must fight, to run away!” Jack declared. He got a chorus of ayes from the Lords.

Barbossa smirked, “As per the code, an act of war must be that, which can only be declared by the pirate king.”

Jack pouted, “You made that up!” Pointing an accusatory finger at Barbossa.

“Did I now?” His smirk grew to a grin, “I call on Captain Teague! Keeper of the Code!”

James’ heart jumped, *Teague is here?!* Norrington was unaware of Jack’s face, which had both

dropped and paled tremendously.

A Lord went off complaining of the code, how it is useless and unneeded, until he was shot and fell to the ground.

Captain Edward Teague blew the smoke blowing out from his pistol, "The code is law."

Jack swallowed as Teague approached him from behind, "You're in my way, boy." He growled at his son. Teague gestured towards two men carrying the large book, containing all of the pirate code, placing it on the table with a loud thud.

Flipping open the largest book James has ever seen, Teague skimmed through, "Ay, Barbossa is right." He gruffed out.

"Hang on a minute." Jack pushed past his father to read through as well.

It shall be the duty of the Pirate King to declare war...

"There has not been a King since the first court! And it's unlikely to change."

"Why not?" Elizabeth asked, James had the same question.

"You see, the Pirate King is elected by popular vote." Gibbs answered

"And each pirate always ever votes for himself." Barbossa finished.

Teague went off to the side to play his guitar, and watch the court continue. Jack spoke up again, "I call for a vote!" Loud chatter cued throughout the room.

Pirate after pirate stood and raised, voting for themselves.

The same went for Elizabeth, with a shrug, "Elizabeth Swann."

More and more lords went off, that is until Jack Sparrow, who was staring deadset at Captain Swann, "Elizabeth Swann."

So many eyes never widened simultaneously, "What?" Elizabeth was shocked that the renowned, selfish pirate Jack Sparrow had not voted for himself.

Jack smirked, "Curious, isn't it?"

Howls of anger at Sparrow, shrieking at him to vote for them rather than Swann, but threw it all, Jack questioned the lot, "So I am to understand, you are not keeping to the code, then?"

Teague guitar playing stopped with a squeal of the strings, his eyes sending chills down the pirates backs.

"Very well." Mistress Ching stood up, gesturing to Elizabeth, "Captain Swann, King of the Brethren Court!"

Elizabeth grinned slightly, though kept it down to command the court, "Prepare every vessel that floats, at dawn, we're at war."

Jack nods in approval at the King.

Once again, vocal chaos crescendoed. Jack opted not to be involved with it, turning around to meet

Captain Teague, who was staring at his son, “What? You’ve seen it all, done it all, you survived.” Jack gestures toward his father, “That’s the trick, innit? To survive.”

Teague shook his head, “It’s not about living forever, Jackie.” Placing his guitar down, moving closure toward Jack, “The trick is, living with yourself forever.”

Jack nodded slowly, looking down, silent for once in his life.

Teague smirked, nodding towards James conversing with Elizabeth, “How’s the Norrington kid?”

Jack’s eyes widened only slightly, not wanting to give any emotions away, “You know him?”

Teague hummed, whispering in closer to not be heard by prying ears, “I’m how he got to ya, Jackie. He cares for you. Your compass led him to ya.”

“The compass had always pointed at me, in his hands.” Jack looked towards James, “He’s always been out to kill me. Don’t think he’s trying to, anymore.” He looked quickly away when James met his gaze, not entirely unlike a childhood crush.

Teague’s hum evolved into a deep, quiet chuckle, “He’s comin’ over, Jackie.”

Jack whipped around to see an oncoming James Norrington, “How do you know, this man, Sparrow?” James integrated.

Teague shook his head, assumed, “He’s me’ son, boy.”

James’ eyes grew in surprise, “Oh!” He stuttered, face turning red in embarrassment, matching Sparrow’s reddening face, “What a small world.”

Before James rushed over to Captain Teague and Sparrow, he had chatted it up with Elizabeth, or King Swann. She was not as repulsed away from James as he was originally expecting, but it was still awkward conversation. Mainly plain small talk, until Elizabeth’s face evolved into a grin, “How are you and Jack?”

James tilted his head in bewilderment, “Huh?”

Elizabeth let out a sweet sounding chuckle, “The compass, James, when you held it, it pointed towards him.”

“Uh-, Oh.” James looked to the ground, anywhere but Elizabeth’s face, “I, uh. I care about him way more than I should.” He offered up, sadly.

Elizabeth noticed the heartache upon the man’s face, “Oh, dear. I’m so sorry, James.” Placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

James had absolutely no clue what Elizabeth was apologizing for, but it made the pain in his chest hurt more than it already did. He cared too much, and he had always suppressed it under any excuse under the sun.

He *loved* Captain Jack Sparrow.

Chapter 16

Pirates ships lined up into the distance, disappearing into the fog. Forming a sort of barcade. Sailing slowly on, in cose unison

They saw nothing for kilometers, until a single ship billowed out from the foggy day sky, sailing towards them.

Pirates cheered and hollered, expecting to only have to battle one ship, *let's take them!*

But Jack Sparrow's face stood neutral, because he *knew* what else was coming. The Navy would never come alone, Beckett is not an idiot.

The singular ship turned into hundreds, coming their way. The chorus of hollers dissipated, knowing they were screwed.

James stood by Sparrow's side, turning his head toward him slightly. Jack met his gaze, a stiff smile on his face. Many pirates turned to glare at him, it being Sparrow's fault, of course, that they are in this situation.

James was almost shaking, not emotionally, mentally, or physically prepared for this. He kept reasoning with himself, in his mind's eye, that he will die today, and he should just accept it. He's a goner. But looking at Sparrow, his chest swirled, he hesitantly put his hand around Jack's wrist, avoiding the captain's gaze.

Jack looked at James' face out of his peripherals, a small grin playing at his face. He shifted their joined hands, interlocking them in a hold.

Sparrow and James, (who refused to leave Jack's side), along with Barbossa and Elizabeth, had sailed on a longboat, meeting the opposing side on a lame excuse for an island, merely just a patch of sand.

The four strutted down the sand, ready for anything the oncoming group had prepared.

They faced Lord Beckett, Davy Jones, and *Will*.

Elizabeth's face showed no love for Will, only a hardened look of hurt and betrayal.

Beckett's gaze held with James', a face of self-superiority and amusement at the fallen apart Commodore, "How has your life been, Commodore?" Beckett back-handed.

"I'll *end* you, Beckett." James spat, fury oozing from his voice.

Ignoring the exchange between the two, Elizabeth kept her gaze on Will, attempting to keep her voice as solidified as possible, "What the bloody *hell* are you doing?"

Will opened his mouth to speak, probably some more bullshit of saving his father, but Beckett spoke before him, "Don't blame Turner, he was merely a tool for your betrayal. If you wish to see its grand *architect* , look to your right."

James' heart plummeted as he turned to look along with Barbossa and Swann, the only thing he saw was Jack. He wanted not to believe, but he knew Sparrow enough to know that Beckett was not lying, “You *liar* .” Betrayal coated the sadness in his voice as he tried not to falter. He should not have been such a fool. Jack said nothing.

James wanted to say so much more, but Will stepped in, “My actions were my own, to my own accord, Jack had nothing to do with it.”

With a cheekily fake grin, Jack pointed to Will, “Well spoken!” He turned to say something to James, yet his gaze was not met. James stared ahead and nothing in specific, mouth pinched close. Jack said silent, merely placing a hand on James’ elbow. Jack did not notice, but James’ eyes fogged up with hopeless tears.

Captain Swann shook her head in disbelief, “Will, I’ve been aboard the Dutchman, I understand the burden you bear, but I feel that course is lost.” Elizabeth spoke softly yet firm.

Will responded quickly, hiding any emotion in his voice, “No course is lost, as long as there is one fool to fight for it.” He stared darkly at Jack.

“If Turner wasn’t acting on your behalf, then how did he come to give me this?” Beckett smirked knowingly, holding up Jack’s compass.

James shook his head wildly slow, yet stayed silent.

“You made a deal with me, Jack, to deliver the pirates, and here they are.” Beckett scolded, tossing the compass at its owner, “Don’t be *bashful* , step up and claim your reward.”

If James' heart could fail him anymore than it has already, he probably would be dead. He *knew* he should not have gotten attached to Sparrow, of *course* this happened, he’s bloody Jack Sparrow. James knew all of this, how emotionally *fucked* he is, yet it hurt, hurt like absolute hell. And he did not want to stop feeling.

An ashamed frown on Jack’s face was so apparent, almost like a tattoo, yet he continued to say nothing. And this frustrated James to new ends, he wanted to scream, *why won’t you say anything?!*

“Your debt to me is still to be satisfied,” Davy Jones announced in his wiry, unpleasant voice, “one hundred years of servitude aboard the Dutchman. As a *start* .” Jones finished with a spit.

Jack smirked, pointing at the undead captain, “That debt was paid, mate, with,” He gestured to the three beside him, “help.”

“You *escaped*.” Jones growled, rage increasing.

“Technically-” Jack was cut off by Elizabeth.

“I propose an exchange.” She paused, “Will leaves with us, and you can take Jack.” Barbossa and Jack exchanged alarmed looks.

“Done.” Will proclaimed.

Jack retorted in with fright, “Undone!”

“Done.” Beckett grinned madly.

“Undone!” James finally spoke once again. His exclamation was responded by Jack with a look of

surprise yet gratefulness.

Barbossa whipped around to face Elizabeth, “Jack is one of the nine pirate lords, you have no right!” He scolded.

“I’m the Pirate King.” Elizabeth smirked, finally able to stand up for herself with a powerful title.

Jack bowed mockingly, “As you command.”

With a bizarre yell, Barbossa quickly unsheathed his sword, swiping it towards Jack’s head. An alarmed yelp came from both Jack and James when the sword whipped through the air. Rather than injuring Sparrow, he had cut off Jack’s piece of eight.

Barbossa and Jack shared some aggressively whispered words, but James had not listened in. Heart pounding, *Jack is serving on the Dutchman*. Only James’ eyes betrayed his emotions, choosing not to react verbally or physically, no matter the pain it put him through.

Will and Jack had traded places, it had been so quick James barely even noticed. Seeing Sparrow in between Beckett and Davy Jones, so unsettled and *frightened*. James’ voice finally failed him, a sort of whine escaping him.

James and Jack’s gazes fixation on each other. Sparrow *smiled* at him, and James wanted to ball and scream right then and there.

Beckett took a few steps forward, “Advise your Brethren, you can fight and all of you will die,” James hated this bitch, “Or you could not fight, which in this case, only most of you will die.”

Elizabeth approached Beckett, looking down to the man, hissing in his face, “You *murdered* my father.”

“He chose his own fate.”

“Then you have chosen yours.” Her dark eyes filled with unadulterated disdain for the man, “We will fight, and you will die.”

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

sorry bout the lack of updates recently, i have my ap stats exam today, it's my day of reckoning

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack was thrown into a cell upon *The Flying Dutchman*, every step he took, squelches would sound from the overgrown moss and algae throughout the ship. Jack had to swallow down bile by the look and feel of it, not even *minding* the smell.

“Bravo! You’ve successfully arrived on *The Flying Dutchman* as per the overall scheme,” Jack’s own voice sounded from behind him.

Get out of my head, Jack whipped around, “Look-”

“That was the plan you wanted, savvy?” Jack turned to meet the voice of another Jack, “Stab the heart, live forever in solidarity, only ever accompanied by *death itself*.”

“I did not ask for your input.” Jack retorted, “Go *away*.”

“Back to Davy Jones’ Locker? Not without you, Jackie.”

Another version of Jack *evolved* out of the wall, a part of the ship, matching algae and cold salty smell and all, “Stab the heart, become the captain, but who’s to stab *your* heart?” A skeleton hand pointed at him.

“Miss Swann!” James chased the captain, weaving through pirate crewmen upon *The Black Pearl*. Elizabeth gave him no light of day, actively going upon her business, followed by William like a lost puppy.

James was at his limit, utter frustration seeping through his voice, “*Miss Swann!*”

The captain whipped her head around to the man, “It’s captain, or King, now what is it, James?”

The commanding tone of her startled James. With a mental shake of his head, he will his face to show his irritation, “Why the bloody *fuck* would you do that?”

“Do what, James?” The King’s irritation matched the ex-Commodore’s.

“*Giving Sparrow up!*” His voice cracked, his true feelings oozing through. He willed his tears to stay locked up, he absolutely did *not* want to cause a scene in the middle of a war. He was so goddamn tired, he wanted to go home, wherever the hell that is. James kept his mouth agape in focusing his breathing, yet silent, waiting for Elizabeth to respond.

“It had to be done.” She stated plainly, attempting to end the conversation by turning around.

The absolute hypocrisy—“You know what else had to be done? Killing Jack in the first place!” Spit of anger flew out of James’ mouth, “Yet you managed to change *that*.”

This stopped Elizabeth in her tracks, “James, loving Jack Sparrow will only bring you pain.”

“*You don’t think I know that?!*” His voice failed him once more, tears began to fall in blobs with grace down his cheeks.

Loving Sparrow had *only* ever brought him pain.

He lost his stability; job, wealth, home, because of him. Chasing him across the seven seas.

And even after that, James had *not* given up, fueled by assumed rage for the man. His smirk, dark alluring eyes, it irritated James, and he had not realized why until recently.

Teaming up with Sparrow, Will and ELizabeth to find Davy Jones’ chest. The *stupid* compass.

Fighting both William and Jack, Turner stabbing him, and Jack carrying him all the way back to *The Black Pearl* . Though James does not remember much, bleeding out at the time, he does remember Sparrow saying “*C’mon, luv.*”

Luv. James was not the only person Sparrow had called luv, yet it still sent a strange yet welcomed warmth throughout his whole body.

Then watching Jack die, so incredibly willingly. Diving straight into the mouth of the Kraken, sword in hand. Not even five minutes later James would be floating his way back to the grasp of Beckett. Yet he could only feel the gaping emptiness in his heart.

And again, James chased a dead man for weeks. Against all odds and probability of Sparrow still being alive. He was not, but he was not *dead*.

Seeing Jack once again, after saving him from Davy Jones’ locker was like a breath of fresh air, but that air was poisonous and slowly killing you from the inside.

Jack had called him Jamie then, James had no idea where that came from. Maybe the hallucinations, but that would mean Sparrow’s illusions were about *him*.

James so vividly remembers the betrayal he had felt hearing Jack gossip to Will of how he planned to be the next captain of the Dutchman.

Why he felt betrayal? Utterly clueless to that answer. He should have expected that to be Jack’s motive, it makes sense for his character. Yet it still hurt like hell.

And Sparrow was closer than ever to stabbing the heart, and taking the role and ship for himself.

Maybe he *needed* to only see Sparrow every ten years, or less. *Not at all*.

“I’m going to get him back.” James had finally spoken, falling tears lessened.

“You’re going to get yourself killed.” Will had added in, standing behind Elizabeth’s shoulder.

He shrugged, “Better now than later.” James’ eyes were tired, yet still shiny with tears, expressing little to no emotion. After a moment's pause, he whipped around, speeding down to the bunkers.

Elizabeth and Will had stepped up to Barbossa, barking commands to the crew. Barbossa just merely stood, watching. Following his gaze, he watched the crew pull a tied up and jailed Tia Dalma, *Calypso*.

“Barbossa! You can't release her.” Will frantically ordered.

“At least give Jack a chance!” Elizabeth added with fret.

That is was Barbossa gestured to his crewmen, who then grasped the couple by the shoulders, holding pistols at their heads.

“Apologies, your *majesty*, ” Barbossa spat, “For too long, fate has not been in me hands.” That is when the pirate ripped Elizabeth’s, *Sao Feng*’s piece of eight from around her neck, “No longer.”

Having finally collected all the nine pieces needed to release Calypso, Barbossa held them out on a platter for the goddess.

“Is there some manner of incantation?” Gibbs questioned, within the crowd of pirates surrounding Tia Dalma very closely.

With a curt nod, “Aye,” Barbossa continued, “The items brought together, done. Items to be burned. Someone must speak the words ‘Calypso, I release you from your human bonds.’”

“Is that it?”

“It’s said it must be spoken as if to a *lover*.” He answered.

Calypso, I release from your human bonds.

Fire unleashed from the pieces.

Tia Dalma shook with the restrained power of storms and seas, bursting at the seams.

Calypso.

Who was it that betrayed you?

Name him.

Davy Jones.

A sob of pain, betrayal, and power unleashed ripped from Calypso's quaking body. She grew to immense heights, the rope binds falling and ripping off of her.

The crew of *The Black Pearl* bowed to her, asking for safety from her power.

An unsettling smile grew on the goddess’ face, deep, almost unholy laughter echoing from her throat.

She disappeared, as a wave of crabs fell from her place, flooding the entire ship, the creatures spilling off into the ocean.

And everything was silent.

But a storm, brewing in the distance.

Chapter End Notes

there will be more updates soon i just need to get my personality back

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

here we go again

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James had taken shelter in a contained storage room within the bunker of *The Black Pearl*. Pacing back and forth, surrounded by barrels of rum and gunpowder, he contemplated how the hell he's going to get Sparrow back, and *why* the hell he's doing so.

Well, he knew why he wanted to have Jack back. He cared for the pirate, unnecessarily so. He knew this. But why? Why out of all people in the wide world, he had to fall for *goddamn* Jack Sparrow? A man that could never stay still in the world, always going, always running.

Something about Sparrow, his disingenuous drunk attitude, quickly replaced by honest and hardheaded words, captured James.

The genuine attitude that James was rarely incontact with brought a new side to Sparrow that James had never seen.

The pirate does care.

And James did not know how to feel about that.

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a loud crack of thunder, too loud, *unnaturally* loud.

And not even a moment later, the roaring, constant pouring of rain began.

James started running out and up the stairs, to the main deck of the Pearl, the chaos of the crew crescendoing to his ears.

The sky had turned an unnatural green, swirly gray clouds throughout the sky. Not so different from the day he was scheduled by Beckett for his hanging.

Elizabeth and Barbosa had commanded the crew to start the cannon's shooting on the oncoming *The Flying Dutchman* . And in between the two ships, a large whirlpool, bringing the Pearl and the Dutchman closer and closer together.

"Elizabeth! What is going on?!" James yelled over the chorus of the rain.

"*Calypso!* " Was all she needed to respond with, and James understood.

Strolling into Davy Jones' chamber, Jack held himself lazily, seemingly concerned at all by the war going on up on the main deck of *The Flying Dutchman* . Two guards stood beside a chest, the *chest*, this perked Jack's interest.

“Halt there! Or we’ll shoot!” The chubbier one threatened with malice replaced by fright in his voice.

Jack’s eyes widened, but not in matching fright, in bewilderment, “Good one!” Dust clouds came off the walls where the Dutchman was being hit. Galloping around, “Just gathering me effects!” He reclaimed his sword, among other belongings.

The two guards met each other’s gaze hesitantly, Jack continued, placing his hat on his head, “Admirable, though it may be, why are you here when you could be elsewhere?”

“Someone has to stay and guard the chest.” The taller guard responded.

“There’s no question,” The other guard faced him, “There’s a breakdown in military discipline on this vessel.”

“I blame the fish people.”

As the two escalated their bicker, Jack managed to sneak the chest into his hands, running off with Davy Jones’ heart.

Jack creaked open the door to the main deck of the Dutchman. He looked around frantically, searching for a certain squid man, and he tip-toed speedily off.

Until said fish captain yelled out with a malicious smirk, “Lookee here, boys! A lost bird.” Spitting the last word, “A lost *bird* that never learned to *fly* .”

Jack turned around, meeting Jones, squinting through the foggy rain with a smirk, “To my great regret!” As if on cue, Jones unsheathed his sword, “But!” Jack cut himself off, running to a rope tied on the railing, “Never too late to learn!” Swiftly cutting the rope, chest in hand, Jack was swung up to the beams, managing to secure a landing.

In a split, supernatural second, Jones was right in front of him. Jack was none-the-wiser to how the captain got up there as well. He did not have time to ponder that, as Davy Jones swung his sword at him.

The Flying Dutchman and *The Black Pearl* came together through the whirlpool, like two clouds joining one another like in the formation of a tornado. The sharp rain thundered in James’ ears, as he stood on the railing to the Pearl, the Dutchman coming in close. He was joining to get Jack back. At every boom of the canons, or the smashing of wood and metal, James’ balance threatened to betray him.

But he ignored that all, James’ eyes met with a dark figure flying through the rain. *Jack Sparrow*. His heart leaped. His eyes whipped frantically around, looking for an exit to meet Jack on the Dutchman.

All he found was a rope. *Bloody hell, fuck it* . Pulling out his sword, James ran over to said rope, cutting it in a quick motion, and he was pulled into the sky. Screaming as he jumped, *flew* across the sea, James stumbled a landing onto the deck of the Dutchman. Just to be met with a gaggle of Jones' fish warriors, "Uh, hey." James did an extraordinarily awkward wave, before unsheathing his sword, and running, using obstacles as his defense from the mob.

Jack Sparrow and Davy Jones dueled upon the beaming of the colors, a battle between skill and balance. Potential death, and at least a broken back underneath them. Jack kept the chest behind him, aiming to avoid the grasp of Jones as the clangs of swords went on.

A sprinting figure from below distracted Jack, catching his eye. *James fucking Norrington*. A smirk, *smile* shined on Jack's face, and of course Jones noticed this. With a chuckle of amusement, "Ah, *love* ." He spat venom. And with a swift leap, landed squarely back on the deck of his ship.

Jack's heart dropped along with Jones, who landed directly in front of James, cutting off his path.

James' jumped in utter shock and fright as a large, looming figure landed directly in front of him. The salty smell was a calling card of none other than Davy Jones' himself.

Freezing, yet solidifying his grip on his sword, James changed his stance, preparing for anything Jones had to offer.

"Do you fear death, James Norrington?" The undead captain spat.

"No, not particularly." James quipped, but before either men could get a swing in, a sword breaking its way threw Jones' chest put a damper on the duel.

Jones and James turned their heads to behind Jones' back, meeting gaze with Pirate King Elizabeth Swann, "Hi James." She breathed out.

With a strange gargle of frustration, Davy Jones bent the blade protruding from his chest, locking it in place, "Now's not exactly a good time for small talk." James' eyes were wide with anticipation.

Elizabeth tried her damn hardest to remove the blade, but the bent tip of it prevented her from doing so.

With a growl, Jones' swung his sword at Elizabeth, who did manage to unstick a *part* of the blade, better than nothing. She managed to block the strike with the broken sword, distracting Jones away from James.

"Commodore!" A call from above caught James' attention, just to be met with a falling chest, which he managed to catch. The owner of the voice was none other than Jack Sparrow, clumsily making his way down the beams to the main deck.

James cheekily smiled up at the pirate, matching his smirk. Holding the small crate against his chest, James' own rapid heart matched that of the one inside the chest. *Davy Jones' heart* .

At the same moment, a new voice call to Elizabeth. Will ran from the other side of the Dutchman, joining the fight against Davy Jones, tossing Elizabeth his second sword.

James needed to stab the heart, before Jones killed them all.

Opening the crate with a clumsy motion, James pulled out the heart, holding it in one of his hands. The beating beneath his grip felt unnatural. Something he could kill in a split second, something so small, yet so powerful, this heart caused so much death, pain, suffering.

He could stab it. He *should* stab it. James did not have the heart to do so, he did not want his heart to be in the chest rather than Jones. God, James was still a weak-hearted selfish *prick*.

Jack had managed his way onto the deck, landing next to James, "Whatch'ya thinking mate?" Jack whispered so incredibly soft and *calm* , despite the situation, James just stared at the heart within his palms.

I don't wanna go. He would've responded, before Davy Jones whipped around, alarmed by the voice of Jack Sparrow. Who gasped painfully at the sight of his open heart.

Jones, now surrounded on all sides by Will, Elizabeth, Jack, and James, cowarded around, wearily eying up his heart in the hands of James, a sword held so closely to the beating heart.

Whipping his squiddy head around frantically, he tried his hardest to make up a quick solution to escape inevitable death. Landing his eyes on the Pirate King.

And with a quick motion, stabbed Elizabeth Swann in the heart.

Chapter End Notes

thank GOD i finally got this out holy shit school got me fucked up anyways im tryna finish this fic before the end of the school year

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“ *Elizabeth!* ” Will roared with pure pain in his heart.

Elizabeth fell to the ground in a wheezing heap, blood already leaking from her slightly opened mouth.

James let out a shaky gasp, Elizabeth is *dying* right in front of him, his first love. The heart shook in his hands, what the bloody *hell* was he supposed to do? James stood frozen, watching shakingly in slow-motion, Will sob into Elizabeth’s dying grip, and Davy Jones turning to face Jack and James.

James’ heart throbbed.

“Give it to me.”

James angled his face slightly to meet his gaze with Jack Sparrow, looking so earnestly into his eyes.

“I’ll handle it.”

A tear fell down James’ cheek. It was inevitable, Jack was to be the captain of *The Flying Dutchman* .

With little visible reluctance, James placed the heart into Jack’s opened hands, and before Jack turned away from James, whispered to him, “Distract Jones.”

And with what felt like a flash, Jack was gone, and James was now face to face with Davy Jones, sword in hand.

But Jack slipping away caught Jones’ attention, but once he turned to follow the slippery pirate, James reacted quickly. With a strange-sounding bonk, James had thrown the empty chest at Jones’ head.

Seeing the sight of the empty chest, and the mockery of it hitting in the head enraged Jones, and with a roar (which sounded more like a shriek), Jones attacked James.

James fought back and defended himself with as much willpower he could muster. He knew he couldn’t kill Jones on his own, he needed the heart, but yet James still opted to aimlessly stab the fishy captain in the chest, as a distraction, of course.

But Jones did falter.

And gasp, wheeze.

Falling to the ground on his knees.

James looked down to the fallen captain, bewildered. But once he looked back up, he came to the sight of Jack Sparrow, pushing the barely-conscious Elizabeth Swann’s hand, *stabbing* the heart. A grin grew on James’ face.

The heart seemed to deflate, as did Jones.

Elizabeth's hand fell lax, along with the rest of her body, another sob ripped from Will's sore throat.

Davy Jones', no, the *Dutchman's* crew circled around the three of them, chanting a low, "The Dutchman must have a captain."

James could barely process what was happening through the now calming storm, the chanting of the crew, and Will's cries of, " *No! I won't leave you! It was supposed to be me !* " Before he was in the arms of Sparrow, who was gripping onto a rope, Will along with them, swinging back to *The Black Pearl*. *The Flying Dutchman* sinking into the depths of the ocean, along with the dead body of Davy Jones.

When safe on the secure flooring of the Pearl, James had yet to release his grip from Jack Sparrow, face buried into his shoulder, "I thought it was going to be you." He murmured muffled into Jack's clothing.

"M not as selfish as you think, luv." Jack chuckled softly.

There was an unspoken sort of understanding between the two men.

Being in the embrace of Jack Sparrow felt so wrong, but so *right* .

James spent years of his life chasing the pirate, and his feelings for Jack are the world's way of slapping him in the face, a form of karma.

But James was not complaining.

And neither was Jack. Who was not used to the feeling of attachment towards a person, material possessions? Yes, but James Norrington? Flew over the pirates head.

But Jack would do anything to keep James safe. He's a treasure he'll let no one take away from him.

Still hugging each other, neither man planning to let go anytime soon, Jack started pecking kisses all over James' neck and face. This forced chuckles out of James' throat, and he pushed Jack away from him in embarrassment, though his hands were still on James' forearms.

"Capt'n?" Gibbs had interrupted the couple.

Jack turned toward his first mate, waiting for him to respond, Gibbs merely gestured a nod towards the sea.

And with a loud splash of waves, causing the Pearl to be unsettled in its place on the water, *The Flying Dutchman* rose from the depths, captained by none other than Miss Elizabeth Swann. Smiles grew on James and Jack's face as Elizabeth and Will shared a nod of love and acknowledgement to one another.

James followed Jack to the front of the Pearl, standing by his side as Cutler Beckett's ship led a never ending line of navy ships.

Jack, Will, and Elizabeth all shouted orders to their respective crews, all aiming their ships at Beckett's.

They will fight, and Beckett will lose. His reign of tyranny will be over. All the lives lost under his hand will be redeemed, and never forgotten.

And James stood next to Jack, and though years ago, he would throw up at the bizarre idea of his being a *pirate* , being in *love* with a pirate. But James would not want to be anywhere else.

And now, James Norrington does believe (with decent confidence) he has found his route.

Chapter End Notes

sorry if the ending feels rushed or short, if im being honest i wanted to end this as quick as possible before i would ditch it (unfinished) which i absolutely did not want to do.

i have a lot of other fics and ideas i wanna work on, mainly our flag means death ones. (And if your here reading a gay PotC fanfic and have now watched Our Flag Means Death wtf is wrong with you they literally have canonical gay pirates) and potentially stranger things since volume 4 came out. But i won't be completely abandoning PotC it's means to much to me so you will see more james/jack fics from me in the future, (probably more one-shot based ones or just short stories)

either way have a good day!

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